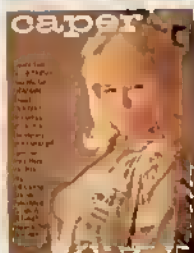
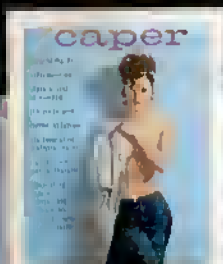


capet

Annual

BEST
OF THE
YEAR



EDITOR'S SELECTION

Caper Annual

Summer 1965



GABY MAKES A SPLASH

CAPER ANNUAL, Summer, 1965 edition, is the 8th edition of the bi-monthly publication Caper. Published by Topical Magazines, Inc., Division Street, Derby, Conn. International copyright secured by Topical Magazines, Inc., 1965. Printed in the U.S.A.

California is said to have more swimming pools per square mile than any comparable area in the world. California's superb climate, and the affluence of its citizens have much to do with this pleasant fact, of course. But in compiling its statistics, the U. S. Department of Commerce failed to take into account one extremely important, and perhaps decisive, factor: the talents of Gaby Martine, the beautiful young model who was so charmingly photographed working at her part-time but related job.





Gaby is California's, and perhaps America's, only freelance swimming pool demonstrator, and her talents as a saleswoman are in great demand among the swimming pool manufacturers of her state. A call to Gaby's Los Angeles apartment will bring her to a manufacturer's pool-showroom ready to convince prospective customers that owning a pool has many advantages. Few are the men who can say "No sale" after Gaby has slipped into the pale blue water and begun displaying her aquatic skill.

PHOTOS: DON GOODWIN





THE THAI THAT BOUND ME



A James Frond Thriller by Donovan Fitzpatrick

James Frond entered Q.'s office on London's Regent's Park at 7:59:01. His order had been to appear at eight.

"You're early, 00000009," Q. said, using the rare seven-zero prefix that indicated Frond's license to kill, when necessary, in the service of the Secret Service.

Frond lit a Player's and waited.

"How's your index of toughness, 00000009?" Q asked casually. His level grey eyes held a mixture of indifference, concern and shrewd assessment. "Recovered from the SMDCSTCH job yet?"

"Quite," Frond had no interest in recalling the tussle with Doctor Maybe, the crafty, cruel agent of SMDCSTCH, the Soviet organization for narcotics, espionage, counterfeiting, smuggling, terrorism, intimidation, back-biting and political skulduggery. That was a week ago, and he had fully recovered from the twenty-seven bullet wounds and the shark bites. He waited, noting that Q.'s level grey eyes seemed to look right through him to the wall.

"Directly behind you on the wall," said Q., is the 4X-17 map of Thailand. Ever been to Bangkok?"

Frond was startled. The Old Man had been looking through him.

"Years ago, sir. On that joint FBI-CIA-Scotland Yard-Interpol-Deuxieme Bureau assignment."

"Yes, yes, Q. said gruffly. He hated sentiment, Frond knew. Q. took a red leather folder from his desk, stamped it FOR MY EYES ALONE in 72-point Bodoni gold script and tossed it into his IN basket. Frond lit a Royal Blend. Something big was up.

"This time it's smuggling, 00000009. Huge operation and damnably clever. Thai silks are flooding New York's Seventh Avenue--the garment district, you know. Coming in by the ton. Causing a bit of a panic, so I've been told."

"Sounds fairly ominous," Frond said, speaking carefully. He'd always had trouble pronouncing the word "ominous."

"Exactly," Q. said gruffly. "How the smuggling is handled, we don't know. Neither does J. Edgar, the United States Coast Guard, Customs or the New York City Transit Authority." He paused for ten minutes or so. "But we do know that the operation begins in Bangkok. We've deduced that from the fact that Thai silks are made in Bangkok."

"Who's Mr. Big?" Frond asked.

Q.'s level grey eyes suddenly slanted. "A man formerly known as Mr. Big. No help there. Our agent in Bangkok signaled he changed his name."

"The agent?"

"No. Mr. Big. The agent, 00000009, is dead. Run over by a rickshaw. Nasty business."

"If I may say so, sir," Frond said, "rickshaws are used in Hong Kong."

(Continued on page 12)

Ivana be loved by you



CHRISTINA IVANA: b. Maria Alexis, in Karpis, Lithuania (1940)?; mother Albanian/father Russian. Fled Sweden under Turkish passport (1943); father agent for Dutch Resistance, MVD and Yugoslav Intelligence; deported fr. Argentina (1957) as security risk, travelled USA on Panamanian ship under Bolivian passport (1958); fluent in German, French, Albanian, Russian, Spanish; know: judo, ciphers, poses as dancer, model.









EVERYWHERE THAT MARY GOES, INTERPOL IS SURE TO GO





(Continued from page 5)

"Precisely. That's what makes it so damnably orange."

Q. took a SECRET stamp and carefully pressed it against Frond's left eyeball.

"Very well, 00000009, you have your assignment. Contact the American agent in Bangkok. Find out who's running the operation and bring him to heel."

Frond nodded. Heel, Number 0123456-789 in the Records, was the operative at Chumloy-ou-Thameo in charge of fabrics. "Usual cover, I suppose?"

"Quite," Q's expression was warmly indifferent. "Good luck, 00000009."

Thirty-six minutes later Frond slid into Soot 2-A in the first-class section of the Boeing 707 and adjusted his seat belt for its impact pressure of 1400 pounds. As soon as the big jet was airborne he lit a Senior Service filter tip and ordered a drink from the hostess. "Dry Martini with Beoleater's. I want it in a champagne glass that has been wiped with a strip of Jamaican lemon, slightly chilled."

The hostess studied him speculatively, observing his rather thin lips which contained a hint of cruelty, as well as anger, ambition, desire, lust, pride and prejudice. "Rights," she said.

Slipping his drink through an .02-mm. soda straw, Frond considered his position. It looked like a difficult case. London to Bangkok would be an exhausting trip. He liked to start his assignments in top physical condition, so now he lusted his Countess Mers eravat and did four hundred pushups in the aisle. Satisfied, and checking that the grenades were fixed securely in the toe caps of his chukka boots, he lit a Laurens jeune and relaxed.

Suddenly he noticed the man in the seat directly across the aisle. About 46, Frond estimated, suited by either Wallach's or Fortesque's, Chavez to hold in place by a Swank clip, a 91-jewel Timex with rhino leather strap on his wrist. Frond couldn't figure the man's abiding, and it annoyed him. In the Secret Service, it was his business to know these things. The man was doodling on a pad with a Sheaffer Multi-Point ballpoint pen, and Frond noticed he had lightly printed the word: HOOVER.

James Frond came immediately alert. The Americans were in on the job after all. He said softly, "Clod Hoover's in on the job. Shall we talk to the men's room?"

The man glared at him. "I'm with the women cleaner people."

Frond shrugged and ordered a light lunch. "Fresh Iranian caviar, la Roulade de Vou ou Rogouso, Piloff rice. With it, Bourdeau rouge, Grand cru class, in a beer stain; boil it exactly four minutes. For dessert, la Cassata Sicilienne, in a flat earthenware incense. Brandy later, with a dash of olive bitter."

Frond enjoyed good cuisine and leisurely dining, and he had scarcely finished before the 707 was touching down at Bangkok's Dou Muong airport. As he disembarked he noticed something strange about the prop-driven Constellation that had just come in from Idlewild. Forty-six passengers and 51 hostesses. Frond calculated rapidly. An excessive number, he decided. Further, every hostess was abnormally thin, actually skinny. But damned attractive none the less, he thought, in their cheongsams, the traditional tight-fitting dresses with the slit skirts. Still, damned odd.

He hurried through Customs, Immigration, Health and several turnstiles, then changed his pounds, dollars, Swiss francs, lira and Venetian bolivars for Thailand ticals and hailed a pedicab. The machine, a 1929 grey Baur, 4 1/2 litre, with Amherst-Villiers supercharger and twin two-inch tailpipes, slid quickly into high through the Dynamos gears. As they toiled along, Frond lit a Gauloises and studied the canals, called *kanongs*, with their floating hibiscus, lotus flowers and dead dogs, and counted the ornate Buddhist temples glittering in the tropical sun. There were 400 of them, two more than on his last visit. Bangkok, he mused. Venice of the East. Legal opium. Home of the blue movie. Dark-eyed girls in cheongsams airt to their Thai thighs. The assignment promised to be interesting, and before he drew up to the Erawan Hotel he knew that a tical was worth precisely five cents in American money.

He registered under his cover name, James Cover, then sent coded signals to the Colonial Office, Whitehall, Scotland Yard, Madame Tussand's and Place Pigalle, and a double-coded birthday greeting to Q. Q. never celebrated birthdays and would get the point. For now, Frond was on his own. How to find Mr. Big?

In his room he slipped out of his bur-noose and donned a Catalina nylon swimsuit, Klein's wooden clogs and a J. Press cotton robe and slipped down the back stairway to the swimming pool that sat in a lush tropical garden behind the hotel.

He took off from the three-meter board in a rapid dive and went deep into the tepid water. Immediately his gun arm was gripped hard. He whirled. A girl in a blue Balenciaga bikini was treading water with one hand. She was, Frond suspected, a Thai—lovely caelest-lait complexion, marvelous figure, and the letters THAI stamped on her elbow. But friend or foe?

She took a slate out of the V between her breasts and scribbled furiously, misappelling it. I know the name of the man formerly known as Mr. Big.

Frond, holding his nose, reached for the slate. Who are you? CIA Ghost Squad? Interpol? he wrote.

The girl's face was turning purple. Probably from lack of air, Frond decided. She wrote: My name is Prach Djinari Mahaprasart. I'm the Bangkok editor of Vogue Magazine. Funny business going on in the New York office. May tie in with

the Thai silk smuggling. Meet me tomorrow morning at the Temple of the Dawn, known locally as the Wat Arun. Wait five minutes before emerging. She kicked up to the surface and disappeared.

His lungs protesting, Frond waited 5:00 minutes, then left the water. He dropped into a poolside chair and ordered a quart of Euziau and washed it down with a pint of Lowenbrau in which the juice of thirty mangoes had been inserted. Then he went to his room and took out his 30-08 Special, three and one-half-inch barrel length, with a muzzle velocity of 8800 feet per second and a muzzle energy of 2500 foot-pounds. He put the weapon into its ehamois holster and adjointed the combination, then lit a Mecedonia Oro with a last-aetion grip, unmarked Zippo. Frond always knew how he felt and always acted on the knowledge. Now he knew he felt tired. He went to bed.

The myriad eolots of the Temple of the Dawn reflected in the opaque waters of the Chao Phraya River as Frond left the launch and joined the crowd of tourists at the gilded entrance. His specially trained nostrils detected the aroma of an exotic scent. He whirled. Prach Djinari Mahaprasart stood at his elbow, flicking cigarette in a blue Balmain sheath. Her jet black hair, with its highlights of green, russet, orange and saffron, was on her head. Frond had expected that, but the scent eluded him. Atpege? My Sia? Tabu? It was his business to know such things, and he was annoyed when he didn't—there was no place in the Service for Illusion. "Good morning, Miss Prach—"

"Call me Iahmael," she said evenly, then whispered, "Notice the guide. Formerly Mr. Big. He may be your man."

Frond's eyes narrowed. The guide, speaking to the tourists in perfect Swahili, was a veritable giant of a man in a modified Buddhist cloak, with dagger, sandalwood sandalo and black beret. He appeared to be either a Thai who looked French or a Frenchman who looked Slem-ese.

"He's known locally as M. Mais Oul," Iahmael whispered. "He's a Frenchman who looks Siamese. This guide business is his cover."

Frond didn't entirely trust her. The alleged connection with Vogue might be her cover, although Frond hadn't seen a Vogue cover in years. "What's your interest?"

"He could be behind the shortage of fashion models in Manhattan," she said evenly. "The hundred top models have disappeared. Harper's Bazaar and Vogue have been reduced to using Miss Rhrigold. A sticky wicket, as you chaps say, and I'm certain M. Mais Oul is the mastermind behind it." She pulled him behind a porcelain statue.

"He dines every night at the Phori Phoo restaurant."

(Continued on page 14)



"That's our next move then," Frond said. "I'll pick you up at 2100."

The girl nodded and then, her attitude a mixture of humility, arrogance, determination and insularity, bowed low in the direction of a gold statue of a warrior.

"Are you a Buddhist?" Frond asked, as they left the temple and boarded the launch.

She slunk her head. "I'm a Seseath Avenue Adventist. But I drink the wine of the rumatry, if you know what I mean."

Frond grasped this essential truth immediately. He took out a Mark Gossel leather pocket flask from his flask pocket and punted two schooners of ice-encold Yumray. She drained hers at a gulp and drove seaward to disappear in the opaque waters of the Gian Phitaya River.

At 20:59:01 they stepped into the cool dimness of the Phatt Phoo restaurant. Ishmael was wearing a Givenchy lion-spawn. She seemed infinitely desirable, in a finite way. A smiling maître d' led them to a secluded table against a bamboo wall and Frond uttered drinks. "For the lady, Gumpst, Chizano, lemon and Pissier water. I want a Negroni." When the drinks came Frond sent his back because it had been rubbed using vodka made of potatoes, not grain. It was his business to know such things. He uttered haek. M. Mais Oai was nowhere in sight. Ishmael turned to him, her lips, eyes and ears provocative. "The flow show here is quite good. Classical Siamese sword dances." She seemed composed, but Frond noticed that she was puffing furiously on her Chesterfield even before he had touched a match to it.

After the second quart of Perrier water Ishmael rubbed herself, and with a single fluid motion rose and lurched in the direction of the ladies' room. Frond lit a Gitanes and checked the mechanism of his long-lurched 80-90 Ligar with the finger-tip release that fit snugly in the hidden holster beneath his right hand until. Could he completely trust the girl? And where was M. Mais Oai?

Cymbals clashed harshly and the lights slowly dimmed to complete darkness. Frond flinched at the pinch battle of Hoig & Hoig Pinell Butta but his trained hand never relaxed it. He felt a soft enduring blow at the back of his neck and a curious sensation of flying as lights exploded behind his eyes and he slipped into unconsciousness.

He swam out of darkness to find himself lying on a long, narrow loan rubber mattress which was in turn on a long, narrow table. He tilted his head slightly. Leather straps at chest and ankles bound him securely. He was stark naked. The room was painted entirely in red.

"You're back with us, Mr. Frond. Good." Frond turned his head. M. Mais Oai sat Buddha-like in a red leather chair at some

unka not lamilar to Frond. It annoyed him, she resolved to check it later. M. Mais Oai was dressed in a Rogers Peet double-breasted worsted and he held a handle of Thai silk in his enormous hands. Frond studied the silk. So M. Mais Oai was his man, the brains behind the ring.

M. Mais Oai chuckled. "Actually, you are my man, Mr. Frond. For awhile. A short while. You see, I can't permit you to interleave with my smuggling ring."

Frond said nothing. He wondered about Ishmael and wished he could send a coded signal to Qi, at Government House, at least in Anita Ekberg.

"Belate you die," M. Mais Oai went on, "you might be interested in my operation." He showed Frond his appendectomy, then clapped his hands. The wall behind him slid open. Frond stared. He was looking at some two-dozen girls, all wearing silk cheongsams—the same elegant, terribly thin girls he had seen acting as hostesses at the airport. Now they seemed listless, apathetic. Frond suspected they were drugged.

"These young ladies," said M. Mais Oai, "are the fashion models currently missing from New York. They now work for me, on the airline I operate between Lilewild and Bangkok."

"And they have something to do with the smuggling," Frond said, his trained mind racing.

"Right. And a brilliant scheme, if I may say so. The models have been drugged with a secret drug known only to me and a demented chemist who selected from Amietenn Cyanimide. Drugged, they have willingly given up their hundred-dollar-an-hour rates and lunelut at '21' to be my pawns. So—yes, you will notice they are excessively thin, Mr. Frond."

The agent nodded. He wished he could smoke a Camel; but then, who could?

"They make three turn-drips a week—and on the turn-drips they wear no less than ten pure silk cheongsams. And being so thin, they look, even with that tanah clothing on, no more voluptuous than we say, than a normal woman." He paused. "And there you have it, Mr. Frond. One hundred models, each carrying a dozen silk dresses to New York three times a week. Brilliant, is it not?"

Frond wriggled his toes in unwilling admiration. Damnably brilliant, wherever that anything ever dreamed up by SMDCTCH.

And now, Mr. Frond, ran are about to pay the ultimate price for your meddling. I have prepared something special for you." He slapped his hands and two beautiful but excessively venacular girls glided into the room. They were wearing only thin brassieres and panties. They looked at Frond speculatively.

"As one of your country's most gifted

agents, Mr. Frond, you have endured many kinds of tortures, some ended, some subtle. And you have, until now, survived. But have you ever had an authentic Japanese massage—entire to its ultimate conclusion?"

Frond said nothing.

"The ultimate massage, Mr. Frond. At the beginning, absolute ecstasy. Until it gradually begins to be too much. And eventually throes into total pain."

Frond closed his left eye. This was damnable. He had endured the most diabolical tortures the organs at SMDCTCH could devise—but this would be exquisitely horrible. *Massage a la infinite.*

"I shall be interested in learning your survival time, Mr. Frond, from rupture to pain." M. Mais Oai puffed six times and the venacular girls approached Frond. He felt keenly aware of his nudity. One girl reached out an muscular hand and gently patted his abdomen, her smile a mixture of anxiety and rumpession.

Frond stiffened. His job now would be to will his body to obey his will—to ignore the ecstasy so that later he could ignore the pain. He closed the other eye, feeling the soft, strong hands beginning to explore his flesh.

A flash reverberated through the room and Frond jerked at the touch of cold metal on his chest. He opened one eye, then both eyes. Ishmael, in the costume of a classical Siamese sword-dancer, was slashing at his bonds with a oriental sword of fine Sheffield steel. There was an inscription on the hilt which Frond couldn't decipher. It annoyed him. As he rose from the table the girls fled and he saw M. Mais Oai leave his huge bulk and at the leather elms and send the sword flying out of Ishmael's hands.

Frond dove off the table, his hands reaching for M. Mais Oai's neck. His fingers found the carotid artery in the fat throat and he squeezed. Considering M. Mais Oai's height and weight, Frond estimated that 1.65 liters of blood passed through that particular artery every forty minutes, and he squeezed him precisely thirty-nine seconds, and when he released his grip M. Mais Oai was unconscious.

Exhausted, Frond staggered back to the table. The beautiful lass of Ishmael hovered above him. "You poor thing," she murmured. "Was it very bad?"

"It was truly beginning to be bad," Frond said. "Later it would have been very bad. I don't know how long I could have held on."

"You're holding on splendidly." Dexteronously she lit an Egyptian Rami and put it between Frond's lips, then pored him a golden goblet of Chivas Regal in which exactly two drops of olive oil had been stirred. "Mr. James Frond," she whispered softly, her face murmuring a provocative combination of desire, disdain, depression and dedication. □



300 miles at
**BRIDGE-
HAMPTON**





The sports car meet called the Three Hundred Miles or the Double Five Hundred (kilometers) has been held at Bridgehampton, Long Island, for the past two years in September, and has come to mean a great deal to racing buffs on the east coast. This year the future of the 2,500 is in doubt, since in the past it drew its sponsorship from the New York Daily Mirror, now defunct. The meet is (or was) one of the

best events of a type already rare enough in this country. You get something at a sports car race that's hard to come by at the neighborhood drags. Its internationality gives it the color of a medieval tourney; the skilled professionalism of the drivers and the power of their machines creates the atmosphere of a minor war. If Bridgehampton fails, American sport will have lost something unique and wonderful.





At the high point of the world's naughtiest dance the girls turned their backs to the paying customers and, with an air of utter abandonment, tossed their skirts and petticoats over their heads. In that momentary flash each dancer revealed her shapely legs and even shapelier derrieres eliciting spontaneous applause from the audience in the dimly lit Montmartre cafe.

A distinguished-looking man adjusted his pince-nez for a better look and bent his head lower and lower in an effort to see more than was being shown. A mischievous smile spread over the face of the girl he was ogling. With a quick motion of a perfectly-shaped leg she kicked the glasses off his nose with such precision that her toe did not even brush his face. The customers howled with glee.

The girls were doing the Can-can, the teasing dance first performed in the Paris underworld dives and which was originally considered so tantalizing that Napoleon III banned it as too



shocking even for Parisians. Queen Victoria forbade it in England, and when it reached America, rich playboys waited at stage doors with cash and diamonds, hoping to get to the performers before the police did.

This dance, which one of its great practitioners described as "teasing until the young men go wild and the old men become young," had celebrated its hundredth anniversary in the spring of 1959. It has attained the respectability of art. Paintings of Can- (Continued on page 27)

AN UNUSUAL by William Blaise VIEW OF THE CAN-CAN

THE MAN OF TASTE AND DISCRETION WILL TELL YOU; THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN THROUGH GREENWICH VILLAGE, THE PLACE PICALLE, THE FLESHPOTS OF TANGIERS AND THE LEVANT; THE FELLOW WHO HAS GONE BEYOND THE ADOLESCENT PECCADILLO. HE'LL SAY, "INSTAFEM® FOR ME ... EVERY TIME, EVERYPLACE." ANOTHER PRODUCT FROM THE WORLD-FAMOUS *COMMAMAD. CHENFABRIKENWERKE* OF SCHWABEN, WEST GERMANY, INSTAFEM® GIVES CONVENIENT, PORTABLE COMPANIONSHIP WITHOUT THE EMBARRASSMENT AND BOTHER THAT ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES THE USE OF "STANDARD" PRODUCTS. YOUR INSTAFEM® IS ALWAYS-FRESH, ALWAYS LOVELY. ORDINARY TALCUM POWDER PRESERVES IT INDEFINITELY. AND THINK OF THE SAVINGS! YOUR INSTAFEM® WILL PAY FOR ITSELF IN



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can girls by great artistic haag e-
masons, however involving the girls in their
exciting poetry of audina. Plays, ballets
and movies have featured the daace and
and war that offered the Can-see as a
and our attention even suffered a financial
failure.

"His Can-can," said one leonous Can-
caner, "is the strip tease with the clothes
na. The smart woman who wants to excite
a man knows she can accomplish more by
showing just a little of her body than by
appearing in her altogether."

What is now known as the Can-can was
first danced by amuseur of the dragmunde
by their own amusement. It was first and
suggestive and originally much more violent
than the wildest modern twisting.
Though the Can-can originated in France,
the British gave it its first push toward
home. In the spring of 1859 an English
musical-hall dancer named "Wily Sal" did
the daace in London, imitating what she
had seen in a Paris underworld cote.
Wily Sal's version was mild compared to
the French one but even then it electrified
first London. The music hall in Leicester
Square played in shouting roar only, and
from London it spread around the world.
Historians date the Can-can's birth from
that great night when Wily Sal flamed
a trim and very attractive laany to the
hires of the paying customers and gave
them something to dream about.

Paris itself first became publickly aware
of the daace when a gay husband (literally)
named the Comte Charles de la Batini (actu-
ally) named it. The Comte's real father was a
wealthy chemist who, after he could not
acknowledge his illegitimate offspring,
paid an impoverished addelman to adopt
the boy and give him a legal name. The
Comte grew up tall, well-built, strikingly
handsome; a good sportsman and a great
man with the ladies. Strangely enough, the
Comte was a dead ringer for an English-
man named Lord Henry Stymont, a rather
stuffy quipster, and for many years Sey-
mour was believed to be leading a double
life and to have introduced the daace. At one
time, half of Paris believed Lord
Henry was really the Scarlet Pimpernel of
the Revolution.

When the cheatin' dind and left Batini
a considerable fabricator, the playboy
began to play in earnest. He rented an ex-
quisite apartment on the Boulevard de
Capucines, dressed like a lebrina plair,
celebrated constantly and came about the
city in a coach and four. Both his manners
and his money made him welcome in
upper-class society and, though he enjoyed
this atmosphere, his heart was in Mont-
martre rollers where the patinas snatched
their lungs at morality. Women found
him irresistible, not only for his money but
because he was magnificently built and
sufficiently abandoned in his love-making

to satisfy the most demanding tastes. Be-
cause the link between the underworld
and the world of society. He took the Can-
can from the dices, and introduced it to
famous-meets Paris. The reckless exphasia
produced societies for the protection of
the thin Paris of all places! and Batini
and his friends barely escaped jail.

Yet Bohemian Paris clung to its own
amusements, especially the annual carni-
vals held at Les Faveites. These affairs
were attended by eat-throats, ruffians,
cynics, pickpockets, poets, assassins,
models and a few bold shrews. Lesdier,
at the carnivals, often tried to surprise
the revellers with something to make them
gasp. The year before Batini introduced
the new daace, a stunner and beautiful
artist's model furnished the surprise. All
evening she had sat quietly with her face
around her, declining all invitations to
daace. At midnight, when the music
sounded by a stately quadrille she joined
the others on the floor and threw off her
robe. The quadrille almost ended right
there.

The model had not a stitch on except
diamond shoes, a bow around her neck and
a pair of long, black gloves. So dressed,
she danced the quadrille with a haughti-
ness and abstin. She was the talk of Paris
until Helton appeared.

It was near midnight when those out-
side Les Faveites heard lecherous sing-
ing and a mounding of amny wheels. It
was Batini and some twenty companions,
each with a lighted torch, telling up in a
courage of curves. Batini was the first to
jump out of the entrance to Les Faveites
and, waving his torch high, went into a
dancer particularly sea-sick by those who
frequented underworld eales. Those with
him followed his steps, and the girls be-
came even more abandoned and suggestive
in their movements than the men. Every-
time Batini's rear jerked up the girls
tossed their skirts over their heads to dis-
play their petalions, and a far more be-
tride.

The police assigned to the amny hell
to ascertain order should some ecclesiasti-
cal too high wire shocked—and it took a
time to shock a Paris cop. They followed
the Batini parade into the hall trying to
make up their minds what to do about it.
If anything, Batini painted clean even
more suggestively and the women kicked
higher and displayed their posteriors
longer. The thirty twenty-makers joined
them and the daace became a bachelard.
Paris had never seen anything like it.

As a rule gradations never interfered at
these annual affairs, not even during the
incident of the embe modit, but this daace
was too much for even the Paris police.
They raided the hell in a fever of morality.
It is interesting that the same men who
would not have dreamed of disturbing the

filthiest brothel found this daace intoler-
able.

As the indignant police pushed towards
Batini the other revellers closed ranks and
acted as interference while the playboy
and his lady friends retreated out the
back door. With the leader of the daace
gone the gradations also left, but Batini
and his companions had already sought
temporary refuge in a nearby cote. They
refused to tank up until word reached
them that the cops were gone. They re-
turned to a tonight welcome.

Almost overnight Paris changed from an
indolent Can-can city into "naughty
Paris." Batini's daace was adopted in
Paris society leaders, notably the Comte
d'Alban-Shee, a peer of France, and Prince
Belgimose, a gay Italian noble noted for
his parties. Even M. Duponchel, the direc-
tor of the opera, resided no longer than
respectability demanded. The daace was
named the Can-can.

There are several versions of how it got
this name. The story most commonly ac-
cepted by scholars is that it came from a
Latin word meaning scandalous and a
medieval French word meaning a rump.
The Can-can was both, and it so shocked
Paris that Napoleon III ordered the police
not to permit its performance in public.
Societies for the suppression of vice, with
typical emphasis on banning the Can-can,
blasted it overnight. It became a full
affair for a female daace to raise her
skirts more than just enough to reveal an
ankle. This law was rubbered, and the
Can-can died.

For several decades the only place it
could still be seen was in the low dives
where it was first born, and it was in one
of these dives that Wily Sal got her in-
spiration.

Wily Sal codified the five major parts
of the modern Can-can: (1) the high kick,
(2) the last rotary movement of the leg
with the knee held up, (3) the last turn-
ing on one leg, with the other raised to a
vertical position and grasped around the
ankle with one hand, (4) the cartwheel
and (5) the flying split.

In Wily Sal's day and even well into
the Naughty Nineties an Can-can daace
dared show a naked leg or a thigh-covered
ree. Dancers had to wear pasties and
Wily Sal's was probably the most fasci-
cating of her day, outwitted even in later
bellepoque. In her own way she was a
gracious of fatiguing the customers. Her
dancers wore long black stockings, dresses
with high necks and long sleeves and
pasties! On the right leg of each girl,
just above the knee, was a garter, and on
the garter lay a red, red rose. When the
girls did the last rotary movement of one
leg, the other revealed the garter and
vinaig of her hair. And this was only a
mild tease.

When it was time for the girls to toss
(Continued on page 24)



"Anybody who likes sex can't be all bad."

their dresses over their heads and display their posterior to the paying customers most of the men went a little berserk. On the seat of each pantaleon was a symbol which was changed with every performance and the symbols ranged from an embroidered heart on each side to a grinning pussyrat over the entire lanny. The customers loved it.

Why Sal's troupe caught on. The popularity of the Can-can was so great that the French took it back. The sales hired press agents to cry that it was French in the first place. The order issued by Napoleon III had long since been forgotten. The *Moulin Rouge*, the *Tambourin* and the *Casino de Paris* featured the dance as the real "French Can-can," and the world opened its arms to what became a symbol of French naughtiness.

There was no much talk about its drawing power that gave professors of psychology at the Sorbonne naturally endorsed it—wondering in one why the Can-can made the male go wild. These studies scientifically established what women had known for centuries: that when a woman reveals a flash of body concealed in undergarments, the male is more sexually stimulated than when he sees her body in the nude.

The craze swept in America and became one of the symbols of the Gay Nineties. During the 1893 Chicago World's Fair the Can-can gave the Midwest a taste of Parisian night life and the Midwesterners loved it. Dancers imported from Paris flouted their attractive derrieres to stardom every night and twice on Saturdays. The popularity of the dance produced variations, one of which was the "Gaiety Skit Dance" performed by the Gaiety Girls. The dancers wore lustrous skirts which they swished or swished when doing their spectacular high kicks. The N.Y. Times reported:

"... The popular desire to watch the suggestive waying of plucked skirts and the epithet of shapely legs kicking high in the air seems greater than ever with the moon of theatre guests."

During prohibition in this country some men interested in the joy of living and well-filled glasses discovered that in Hoboken the thirsty could get reasonably good beer without ending up in the hoosegow, and turned Hoboken into a center of culture by staging shows in on old theatre. Filled with sarsaparilla, knockwurst and beer the ensembles applauded the hero, hissed the villain and generally had one hell of a good time. The most popular of all the plays offered was the one which featured the Can-can. To see it customers came by train, ferry, tunnel, taxi and, it was rumored, some even swam the river to see the girls do their hoosegow teasing. By then the pantaleons had gone out with

gas lighting. The Hoboken performers displayed derrieres thinly covered by silk, and beautiful white flashes of thigh might be glimpsed between the tops of the stockings and the panties.

In both world wars the doughboy of GI who found his way to Paris went for the Can-can in a big way. It was primarily the Can-can that inspired the popular song "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm after they've seen Paris." During World War II, after the German occupation, the joy of a liberated people was symbolized by the abandonment of the Can-can dancers. The GI's reaction to these performers gave the MP's plenty of work around places like the *Moulin Rouge* and the *Casino de Paris* because excited Yanks started to raid the dancers' dressing rooms.

Riots upon dressing rooms by liberating libertines became so routine that café managers had to put locks on the girls' doors. But hot boys broke down the damn as if assaulting enemy positions. Finally, MP's had to be stationed near the dressing rooms to restrain the troops.

The Can-can did not become respectable until the Naughty Nineties. It was then that cultured French observers, not divided by prejudice, realized that the dance was as difficult an artistic form as the ballet, and in some ways more strenuous. There was grace and beauty in the girls' movements. Great painters of the day were fascinated by the rhythm and excellent life displayed during the Can-can. Famous composers arranged gay and biting music for the Can-can dance and much of its early roistering was toned down. And, when famous artists and composers became interested, the stamp of true art was placed on it. Can-can performers became celebrities instead of criminals.

Among the most colorful was a beautifully built blonde known as *La Goulue* or *The Clutten*, so called because she ate five enormous meals a day. Most Can-can girls ate lunch because the dance used up energy at so tremendous a rate that they needed more nourishment than a hard-working truck driver.

La Goulue was the greatest attraction of the *Moulin Rouge* ever had, and she was as artist of the naughty. She improvised as she danced, for the true Can-can has no set routines. It is just a whirlwind of sexual tantalizing, a delirium of legs, rosebud garters and derrieres. Even today, the Can-can is generally conceded to be the latest rontine in the world and the best dancers cannot stand the pace after they reach 26 in 28.

The greatest Can-can girls of the Nineties were fabulous characters. All of them were known to their public by affectionate nicknames, such as "Gold Stipe" (who

killed herself when doing the flying split when her heel caught in her lilly pith-ent), the "Grandpuppi," "Man-hole Cover," "Clair de Lune," etc. Miss Lacrus of all was Louise Weber, *The Clutten*. She had a gorgeous lady without an ounce of fat, long, marvelously proportioned legs and a head of wheat-blond hair. A great dancer and a natural showman, she appreciated the value of the artist's trade mark. Instead of a rat in a dug she had a gun for a pet. Paris was fascinated.

La Goulue also knew that petticoats fascinated Paris. She had 180 feet of lace under her dress which she wove into a cloudburst of ruffian while customers stared for a glimpse of her beautiful legs and the garter with the red rose. And when she turned her skirts over her head she disclosed a derriere that brought the lous to their feet with loud huzzas and unending applause but, on the seat of her pantaleon, was an embroidered heart.

At the height of her fame, when Paris was at her feet, few noticed her mere thin slanted, ugly, near-sighted creature who earned an occasional living doing lithographs by substituting posters.

La Goulue looked on him with amused tolerance. He was another unusual pet, like her gun. In return Henri de Toulouse-Lautree painted her doing the Can-can and immortalized both the dancer and the dance.

La Goulue eventually went the way of all Can-can dancers; her lady gave out. Once she ceased being a featured attraction she had difficulty earning a living. With some other dancers she organized a rather pathetic carnival show in an effort to cash in on her former fame, but they had no scenery and no money to have any painted by even the cheapiest scenic painters. When Lautree heard of their plight, he volunteered to paint them scenery and turned out canvas after canvas.

Somewhere in a French warehouse today, if they have not been destroyed, there is a king's ransom in rolled-up, dirty canvases painted by Toulouse-Lautree with odoriferous for a Can-can dancer down on her back.

The Clutten died in 1929, alone, with the Paris which had once knelt at her feet not even aware of her passing.

Over the years since *Why Sol burst* in the London stage with the Parisian underworld dance, the Can-can has been repeatedly revived the world over. In France it is a permanent institution. Shows and ballets and several movies have been built around it. And now, what was once the world's naughtiest dance is celebrating its one hundredth birthday. But it still has what it takes to make the customers jump from their seats shouting "Hourou!"

May it live at least another one hundred years to drive "the young men wild and make the old men young."





ELLA MORGAN

Ella Morgan, a young lady who merits two separate spreads in this 1965 annual (see her again in the back of the book) has a strong sense of humor—one of the reasons why this, her first modeling session, went so well. Globe-trotting photographer Bill Hamilton found Ella in Copenhagen, where she was on holiday from her native England. He notes that she was nervous at first, but was still able to laugh at herself when she made a few mistakes in the studio. On a whim that proved right, Hamilton told her to think of profound things, look thoughtful. Ella protested that she didn't think











she could keep a straight face, and besides, her friends would hardly recognize her if she wasn't laughing. Yielding to persuasion, Ella followed instructions, later says she thought about the "horrible world situation." When not working, she's been on a graphology kick, has been collaring her friends and obtaining samples of their handwriting, which she practices analyzing for fun.



THE STRANGEST SQUARE IN PARIS / SOME NEW

IF AN American stage designer who had never been to Paris were asked to build an utterly romantic set of a square in that city, he would probably recreate the Place de la Contrescarpe without knowing it.

The Square is set on a hill above the Latin Quarter and just below the Pantheon. From it,

the gabled roofs of Paris are visible. There is a little island in the center with three trees, one of them almost Japanese in its twisted delicacy. And all around are the shops and cafes that make for French inefficiency and charm.

And yet, there is much more to this square than that decrepit architectural beauty that one



REX USA

WINE FOR OLD BOITES/By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

finds throughout Paris. It began as a little village just inside the ancient city walls and its people knew the bloody suppression of the Paris Commune. Between the two World Wars, the Square was the scene of the Sunday afternoon meetings of the Lost Generation, perhaps the most beloved place of Ernest Hemingway, and

today, is in the midst of still another metamorphosis. Because of a dynamic and imaginative American, it possesses one of the most fashionable cabarets in the city, a hotel which is really a sort of Salvation Army center of the arts, a plaza which is the summer gathering place of folk singers from all over the world,

(Continued on page 33)

CAPER ANNUAL /29

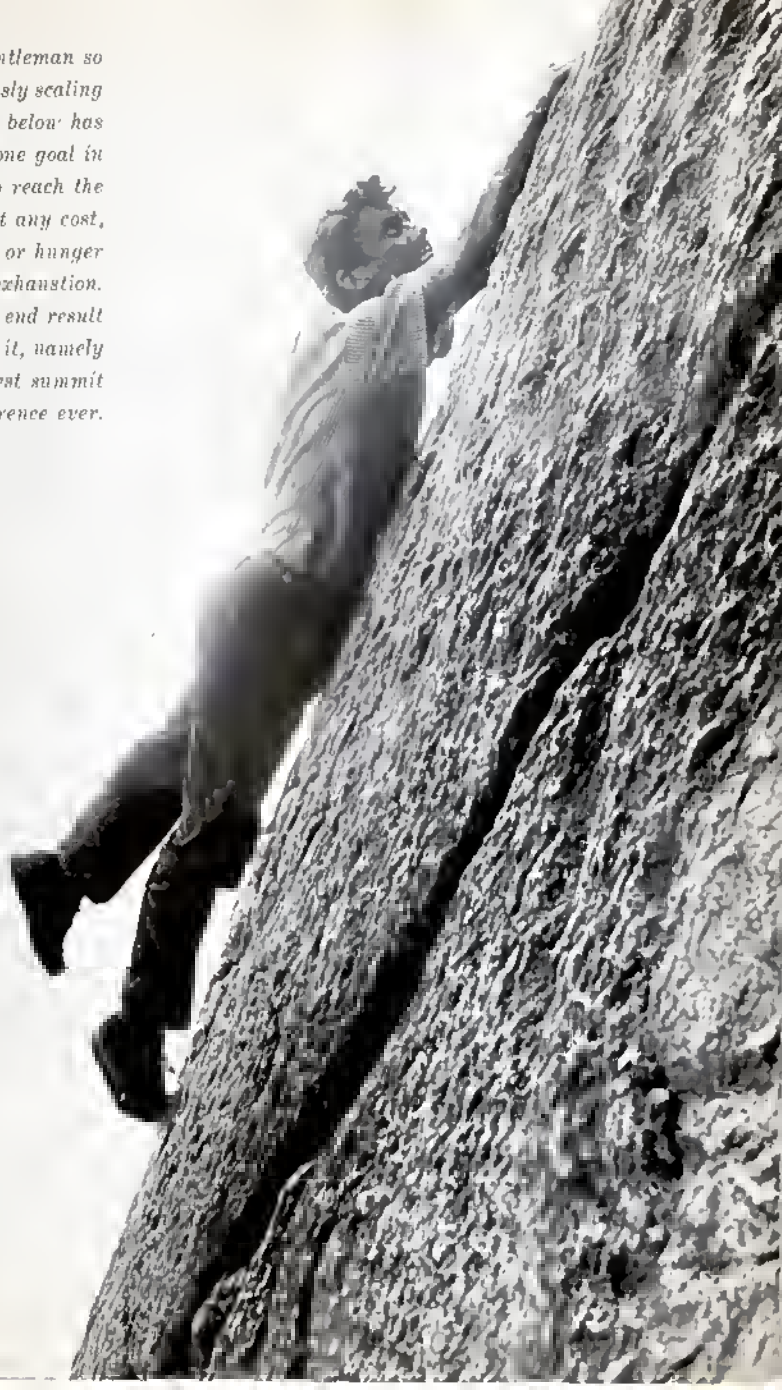
WHY MEN CLIMB MOUNTAINS



DONALD LOOMIS

*The gentleman so
assiduously scaling
the rocks below has
only one goal in
mind: to reach the
top at any cost,
be it cold or hunger
or exhaustion.*

*But the end result
is worth it, namely
the wildest summit
conference ever.*





(Continued from page 29)

and one of the strangest Beat bars to be found anywhere. And it may become an international theatre and television center of the avant garde.

So far, Contrescarpe has managed to stay just off the beaten path. Though famous on the international grapevine of writers, actors and singers, it has eluded most of the guide books. In other words, one can find there something more genuine than American tourists staring at American tourists.

In Hemingway's "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," the hero, Harry, lies dying in Africa. In a twilight world of near-death, he remembers the Place de la Contrescarpe, a square where the flower merchants filled the air with color. At the dance hall, there was a fast and furious competition among the girls (he thinks of one with a hot belly). The Café de l'Amateur was filled with drinks and sports fans; the people of the Quarter were the tough descendants of the Paris Communards, and their grandfathers had been executed after the insurrection failed because they had collared on their hands in wire workers' caps. Contrescarpe, Harry reflects, was the place he loved best of all in Paris.

In all probability the dying thoughts of Harry, and the living memories of Ernest Hemingway when he wrote the story, were identical. Here the American writer lived, and the dance hall was quite real (it is, alas, a grocery store now) and so were the tales. Whether Hemingway loved Contrescarpe better than any other square in Paris is not known, yet it is certainly credible.

Hemingway and other American writers (Ernest lived and James Thurber was both habitués of the Square) used to assemble at Contrescarpe on Sunday afternoons. There was a jazz combo, the flower merchants did a lot of business, and wine was sold from kegs. The dance hall girls from the Bal Musette were always available, and at the end of the day the Square was an uprush of color: spilled wine, strewn flowers and Americans having an absolute ball getting themselves totally and irretrievably lost.

Most of the people around the Square have forgotten these Sunday afternoons; the memory persists only among the Americans and the recluses. At a little bar on the Square, Aux Cinq Billiards (so named for the pool tables in the back room), the guttural doesn't remember any of these goings-on. He has noticed the enormous influx of Americans in the newest incarnation of the Square—there all of them were sitting at a table discussing Art and Life while we talked at the bar—but the dying dreams of Harry in Africa mean nothing to him.

Contrescarpe was part of the Lost Generation life until the beginning of World

War II. But after the liberation of Paris, the old tradition failed to revive. The Square was returned to the French, the cafes were populated by eclairchards (the Paris dilettos who sleep under bridges or on warm subway gates during the winter), and Algerians living in the midst of a hostile city. All this was changed about six years ago when a young American named Mel Howard moved on the peaceful scene.

Like the Square itself, Howard possesses none of the romantic credentials. A student at Boston University and Columbia in the early Fifties, he sold a half-hour television script and took off. First he went on to build up his bankroll. Then he came to Paris and met a director and actress, Arlette Reinberg. They formed a team, and the Place de la Contrescarpe entered its newest, and perhaps most colorful, incarnation.

When Howard married, the "Grand Hotel" of the square was up for sale. It was a run-down place with twenty-five rooms renting for about twenty cents a night. The bar downstairs was a eclairchard-Algerian rendezvous. A mute impudic place but cradling a small-scale artistic renaissance would be hard to imagine. Yet, after Howard and Reinberg bought the hotel and bar, that is exactly what happened.

At first, the clientele remained as it had been for some years. But as people moved out or died (given the mode of life of the guests, there was a fair mortality rate), Howard moved in writers, painters, actors and singers, and essentially developed a Salvation Army hotel for Bohemia. Practically everyone who now lives there is involved in creating or singing something, and at least one guest, Andre Schweitz-Bart, the author of *The Last of the Just*, has achieved a certain celebrity, which the hotel shares somewhat.

Changing the character of the hotel was relatively easy. The bar was something else again. Howard's American friends and Reinberg's French friends began to drop by. There was always someone around with a guitar, and by a natural process the dingy place began to evolve toward a Parisian enbalet (the first paid act was an American banjo player). The eclairchards and Algerians did not, however, share the taste of the new clientele. They would continue their animated discussions throughout the acts, and there was a considerable amount of town-gown hostility until the bar was completely transformed to its present state.

In the beginning, the enbalet was as much a club as a paying bar. Most of the performers lived upstairs in the twenty-cent rooms, and when the official closing hour came, the staff continued with volunteer entertainment. Drinks were on the house. The jazz jam session was recorded into folk instruments and translated into

French. It was a period, Howard remembers, when he went to bed at four and rose at six. But, in any case, the informality paid off in the long run: The Place de la Contrescarpe became a landmark on the international folk circuit.

There were sudden discoveries, the contest of lives were changed. One night an Israeli named Frick Brauer snipped by with his wife. They were on their way back to Israel, but someone told Howard they had a good net. They perumed; and they have been there, off and on, ever since. In addition to working in the cafe, Brauer is a determined painter who puts in a long working day (the myth of the Bohemian life here encounters a man who starts painting at nine in the morning and works until six in the evening). Over the years, his art began to sell.

Now that he is successful, Howard ruefully remembers when he could have bought a painting for fifty dollars. They now command many times that, but in the old days there was no money around for speculating in unknown painters, however talented.

Today, the Contrescarpe bar is one of the most popular places in Paris. Even on the latter end winter nights of 1962-63, it was jammed. And for good reason. The bar has become a showcase for young talent, and practically everyone with something to dig, say or satirize tries to get into the act.

In the summer, the set changes just a bit. Instead of the Sunday afternoon of the Lost Generation and the Square, the place becomes the informal headquarters of the folkies. There are mandolins, acoustic and electric, of varied singers out in the center of Contrescarpe. Until this year, Howard used to close during August, the traditional French holiday month when Paris rolls up the sidewalk. But the international character of his operation has made it possible, and necessary, to stay open in the summer of 1963 when travelling is at its peak.

But it would be wrong to think of Contrescarpe as a little bit of America hidden in an out-of-the-way corner of Paris. Its manners, its flavor, are unmistakably French.

In the Parisian boites de nuit, the frenzied, anxious drinking of an American bar simply does not exist. The continentals are accustomed to long, leisurely sessions slipping in eases and watching the world go by. They enter the habit over into a night club. As a result, the drinks at Contrescarpe are priced high (about \$2 for a scotch, \$1.50 for a beer). However, according to Paris custom nothing more is required, and there is no cover minimum. One can sit for the whole evening on the strength of a single Coke ("Burez Coca Cola, Delicieux," says the sign in the window). However, the typical Ameri-

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the
Lupines



**HAD WE BUT WORLD ENOUGH
AND TIME . . . / BY LEE SUTTON**

ILLUSTRATION MARTINE

IT HAD BEEN A DRY WINTER. THE HILLS BEHIND THE COLLEGE HAD GRADUALLY TURNED TO PALE GOLD IN THE CALIFORNIA WINTER LIGHT. IN THE FALL THEY HAD BEEN RAW GOLD, ALMOST DAZZLING; TAWNY LIONS SLEEPING IN THE SUN. BUT AS FALL GREW INTO WINTER THE HILLS BLEACHED OUT, AND THE SUN WAS BLUNTED BY HIGH MISTS AND THE ANGLE OF WINTER LIGHT.

WHEN THE RAINS REALLY CAME LATE IN DECEMBER, THEY NEVER QUITE STOPPED. FOR WEEKS THE HILLS HAD BEEN WRAPPED IN MIST AND RAIN.

HARRY McPHERSON STARED OUT THE WINDOW OF HIS OFFICE TOWARD THOSE HILLS. IN THE LATE FEBRUARY LIGHT THEY WERE NOW SOFT ROLLING STRUCTURES OF PALE GREEN. HE FELT ALMOST BODILESS AS HE MOVED HIS EYES DOWN FROM THE HILLS ONTO THE CAMPUS. EVEN IN THE AFTERNOON HE FELT THE SWEET BODILESS EASE OF ALMOST COMPLETE MARITAL SATISFACTION.

HE FELT BODILESS, YET EVERY CELL OF HIS BODY SEEMED ALIVE AND A PART OF THE SUBTLE MOVEMENT OF LIFE SURROUNDING HIM. HE SEEMED A PART OF THE MAPLES THAT WERE BARELY IN LEAF, AND A PART OF THE GRACEFUL SWAY OF (PLEASE TURN)



the rural-type groves behind the chem building; his mind touched out to the girls as they strolled free-limbed through the campus. Gone were their dark skirts. Their bodies were touched lightly by free-swinging ruffles; or now and then a girl passed by whose hips moved sweetly in the skin-tight shorts that were popular this year. For McPherson they might as well have walked unclothed by his mind moved with them; mixed with the bodies under the clothes as a man's mind moves with a startled deer scolding for ever, as a man's mind mixes with a dreamer.

McPherson smiled a little wryly as he viewed himself trying to be an all-experiencing mind. Last night he had been all body.

The rain had ended late in the previous afternoon just in time for the sun to give the mesky smell of hot wet asphalt to the street. And then, of course, the wind. It seemed to Harry that in California the wind always moved after the rain.

He and Ellen made love to the sound of the wind that night, had smoked, had fixed a cup of roller, had stepped outside to feel the wind against their bodies. It was a hard cold wind that chilled them into separation and then brought them back together again. Harry smiled. It was a rare thing after ten years.

Harry had walked to work that morning. It was almost three miles if you took the long way around and not much less by the short cut through the hills. But his body was racy and he decided to take the hill path home; between the wind and the sun it should be dry by now. He could not have a heart-to-heart with David, had supper, and then Ellen and he would go out and take in some mindless movie.

As he passed the door, he noticed the trench coat he had worn that cold morning. He threw it over his arm, moved down the dark stairs and into the light. He was glad of the girl who was walking before him directly into the sun. She was careless, and he could see the shadow of her legs through the light skirt. Dark hair twisted around a white blouse that worked up in the back. She wasn't walking, she was striding, and so, in spite of himself, he found himself catbating up with her.

"Isn't it a lovely day, Dr. McPherson?" He looked down to see it was Mr. Stevens, the secretary man in the Art Department, wife of a graduate student. It was somehow right that she was an

make-up, not even lipstick. Her pale legs were asked to the light and to the air. "Beautiful," he said, and with a smile he tried to include her. She seemed to understand, so he looked down at her, there was a slight shift in her walk and the light smile on her face of a woman who knows she is noticed.

"I saw you walking to work this morning," she said. "I even followed you part of the way."

"Do you live up on the hill?" he asked a little startled. The hill people were mostly professionals of one kind or another.

"We took the Kendrick's garage apartment," she said. "We moved in during the rain that awful weekend two weeks ago."

"Well then, maybe you can walk with me this time," he said.

Then he glanced down at her high heels, very high heels that seemed to him, and regretted his words. She certainly wouldn't be able to negotiate the hill path.

"I'm afraid that's a little too much for me uphill," she said. "I was going to take the street car."

"I don't see how you came down in those heels," he said. She laughed easily.

"I gave up halfway down," she said. "Hanken wanted me to model in heels for awhile, otherwise I'd never went them. I guess I should have carried them, but I hate that 'clackety' model bit."

"I thought you were a secretary over there," he said.

"I am," she said, "but they're using me for modeling now and then. It means a little extra money, and we can use it."

He vaguely remembered sketches in the last issue of *Art* show of a girl with face and hair something like her. He had the same earlier illusion that she and the other young women who were walking in the afternoon light were as clothesless as he was bodiless; a part of the sun and the light, like the pale pink of her mouth without make-up.

When they came to the corner, he automatically took her arm and helped her down the curb. She laughed at him.

"Heel don't make me that helpless," she said.

"Just being gallant for a moment," he said. "But now I'm going to be ungallant and leave you to your street car. Nice talking with you. Now that we're neighbors maybe we'll see more of one another."

She smiled and waved goodbye. Both of them knew that professors and graduate students, even though they were neighbors, were unlikely to have much social contact. He started on down the drab street that led to the short cut through the hills. He'd only gone a few steps when he heard the click of his heel behind him.

"Dr. McPherson," she called, "you're not taking the path that comes up behind the Kendrick house are you?"

"I thought I'd try it," he said. "It should be dry by now."

"Don't the heels," she said. "Hanken told me about it but said I'd probably get lost if I tried it on my own."

"You'd probably get stuck," he said.

"Well, if it's too bad, I'll just go barefoot," she said. He glanced down and noticed that she wasn't wearing stockings.

"Come along then," he said and slowed down so she could walk beside him.

Below him lay the hills, the salt green haunting him in the way that the mid-

western hills of his boyhood could not. California was so dry that natural greenery was rare.

Only during the period of rain could spring exist, softening the raw structure of the country-side, immaterially making it sing. In desert places water and life are almost equivalent.

He did not try to keep up any conversation with the girl, and she respected his silence as they left the concrete and stepped into the dirt path. Far ahead he could see another couple, the girl's skin a bright spot of purple against the green, and smiled to himself. Back in the hills there would be many couples that day, and the next day there would be more than one suspicious case of poison oak burn up at the infirmary. "And many a green gown given," he murmured to himself.

The path was dry and level, but it was also relatively steep. At the top of the first rise he paused for a moment to let the girl catch her breath. He looked down on the town and the ramparts and then looked at the edge of the path, a small clump of lupines half hidden in the grass. He squinted down and very gently pushed the new stand of wild grass aside. The sunlight caught the violet, deeper than violet would like clusters of blossoms and unclouded them with light. He looked for a moment, then reached out his hand as if to break a few stalks of flowers from the clump. But as they stood there clustered around a pale green stem, they were too much a part of the day, and instead, he let his fingers brush along the delicacy of the blossoms.

Then with a sigh he stood. There was an odd smile on the girl's face, a smile he did not quite understand. Was it unmanly in hanging?

"I thought you were going to pick them," she said.

"They die," he said.

As they started down the path which was now slightly wider, she put out her hand. Her fingers were deliberately cut against his as he helped her down over the brow of the hill.

The illusion that he had had of being part of all the life and the new shadow green, a part of the young movement of the students, and the breath of air that moved the distant trees grew beside him. He was even grateful now that the girl had elected to come with him for he was even one with the couples who tried the green hills as an exercise in windset together. Yet even with her hand in his he had almost forgotten the girl, except as an idea, as they went up the last steep place. He was settled at her voice.

"You set a stiff pace, Professor," she said. "I'm afraid I'm going to have to give my rilly leg a rest."

"I'm sorry," he said. "This path's a little hard on anyone's feet."

(Continued on page 62)



"As you say, intelligent men and women should try to determine their compatibility before marriage, but every night for three months..."



marja



the matchmaker

Everybody talks about the freedom of Scandinvion morals, but Morjo Petersen seems to be the only one who's actually doing something about it. Morjo set up In business several years ago in Malmo, Sweden, on the theory that Swedish youth, accustomed to unlimited free play, might have trouble settling down. Petersen Personal Service, a busy set of offices behind an imposing front, is now one of the largest matrimonial agencies in the north of Europe.











**MARJA'S CLIENTS
ARE YOUNG PEOPLE
BURDENED DOWN
WITH AFFAIRS.....**

ican hard-drinker has an nut: The third drink is free if he can get that far.

Another common difference between the atmosphere at Contrescarpe and that of a similar place in the United States is the attitude of management and audience toward the acts. In a place like Gerde's Folk City in New York, business goes merrily on throughout the evening, and a tender English ballad is likely to be punctuated by a nasal register, several drunken conversations and the scurrying of waiters. At the Contrescarpe, no drinks are served while someone is performing, and even on a wild night nostrums have to wait outside until there is a lull in the act.

Then anti-romanticism in all of them in a night-are favorite. A small blond with one of those beautiful, penetrating voices that French guitarists seem to put into small frames, leans against the wall and sings. Her name is Françoise Sulliville. She is young, has made a number of records and is probably just on the verge of making it in the immediately lucrative world of the French chansonniers. The manner is familiar to any American record buff, but the content is somewhat unusual, as one might expect.

Big French music hall stars like Leo Ferré and Yves Montand are likely to sing lyrics composed by poets, living and dead, like Baudelaire in Louis Aragon. In America, it would be the equivalent of having Walt Whitman or W. H. Auden on the Hit Parade. Aragon is a well-known Communist, a member of the Party Central Committee, and a sort of cultural commissar for the French intellectuals (he is an old friend of Picasso). Yet, the wealthy clientele arriving in fags and Mercedes couldn't care less about his politics. They listen to his "Les Yeux d'Elza," a very moving love song, and completely forget about the leftist's enthusiasm for Stalin, Khrushchev and the rest of that lovable camp.

The result is that French night club singing is often much more serious than anything found in the United States. Right after the War, for instance, there was a famous album of "Chansons Noires," completely made up of songs of bitterness and despair. It was quite a hit. When Françoise Sulliville sings at the Contrescarpe, her words might be of love, or of a man condemned to death, or the thought of a prostitute as she melodramatically plies him tunda.

The stand-up comics are quite different, too. Gertrude Charles de Gaulle has perhaps the most nastily unimpeachable speaking style in the Western world, and then there is hardly a cabaret without some kind of take-off on the French President. At the Contrescarpe recently, there was a notorious dissection of the strip-tase deliv-

ered in singing, and semi-Gaullist, tones. There are also some delightful exercises in Gallic lucidity: a butcher talks to a chicken in the best French Enlightenment way and explains why it is life and destiny which requires that the chicken accept its own death as part of the immutable order of things in this finest of all the possible universes.

The mirlouins are as mixed-up and cosmopolitan as the life of the Square. There is the sports bar set, the folkies with their guitars, and young girls who could be American in French. The heat and hulk styles tend to be international, and now the girls at Greenwin Villain and North Beach have discovered eye makeup while those of St. Germain de Pres have found out about leonards. You need a program to tell them apart.

Across the street at Cinq Billards, the drinks are a ninth cheaper and a more traditional heart-boletemian life flourishes. This is the meeting place for the local folk who don't savor the pine of a cabaret drink, or who want to tune one. The first time I walked in, four or five workers in traditional blue dress were loudly and enthusiastically buying a lot of happiness at the bar while an infant young man in a cape sat quietly reading at a table. Ten old two-pawed tensions of the early days, when the neobolans and Algerians expounded their doubts about folk music, seem to have vanished as have most of the Lost Generation writers.

Once the Place de la Contrescarpe became the strangest square in Paris, the local authorities followed a tradition inherited by planning commissions the world over: they proposed to tear the Square down. And, as in the case of the embattled citizens of the West Village in New York or the opponents of a new road at Big Sur in California, the inhabitants formed a united front to save their home. The traditional petitions were circulated and a television show told the people of France about the battle. Technically, only a tavern building like the Pantheon (a few blocks away) may be declared a monument. However, the Square is now ahead on points. Mr. Howard and some of the people involved in the unbearably successful instigation a law suit mid at long slowed down the proposal. Still, the fight is on and any American who wants to revisit the scene of the Lost Generation and the headquarters of the New, and not so Lost, Generation, is advised to do so quickly.

There is still another incarnation possible for Contrescarpe: as an international center of offbeat theatre and television.

And Howard and Annette Reinert were involved in the theatrical world of Paris from the very beginning. Once the café began to make some money, they lunched

into an ambitious theatre program. Working at first in the tiny Theatre de Pucelle in Montparnasse (literally, The Pocket Theatre) and now at the Theatre de l'Intec, they have already produced right plays. One of them, the *Nouvelle Hiccupelle*, is slated for New York production; and their most recent offering, *La Maison d'Az* has been one of the critical successes of the season (the influential *L'Espresso* thought it one of the most interesting and challenging productions to be found anywhere in Paris).

If the hotel on the Place de la Contrescarpe is a sort of Salvation Army for oddballs, the Square itself is practically a talent agency. In La Maison d'Az, there is only one artist in the play who hasn't already worked at Contrescarpe. As a result, the Howard-Reinert productions are, in effect, a group theatre based on the most ancient of all the squares in Paris.

Inevitably, the theatre success will be followed up by television. A company has been formed, and plans are well along in production of the *Adventures of Don Quixote*. American, German, British and Japanese television networks have already indicated interest. This probably means that the Place de la Contrescarpe will soon take to the roads and begin transforming some square or another street in sunny Spain.

The flowers and the spilled wine and the bel musette of Hemingway are no more at Contrescarpe. There is a new life now, and it does not have the expatriate quality of the Lost Generation, but rather an brilliant, aggressive mood. Yet how long can it last? France is becoming an offbeat society, complete with supermarkets and landmounds. As in America, the creative young class has to the dilapidated and lively squares, building their own community in the midst of the class and housing city. But industrial progress has no respect for charm or tradition, and there may be a termination of all this before very long.

No one knows how long Contrescarpe will remain as it is now. Its very success might threaten its atmosphere, turning the Square into an utterly plummy production number like some of the tourist squares of Montmartre. Yet, in all of its successive permutations—tiny village, tug-of-war of the Communards, Sunday afternoon of the Lost Generation, international center for the New Generation—the strangest square in Paris has found a way to survive and thrive.

Harry, dying within sight of Mount Kilimanjaro, thought of Contrescarpe as the best-loved and most beautiful square in Paris. In the years ahead, there will be others of this new generation with the same poignant memory. For now, it blends in a most curious way the warm charm of the ancient with the spirit and vitality of the new. □

INDDED IN unopened pack of playing cards to two poker-playing cronies with the simple statement: "This is a marked deck. See if you can read them."

Like almost everyone else, they had heard of marked cards. The clerk looked exactly like others they had bought innumerable times at the corner drugstore and, satisfied that outwardly the pack was no different from those others, they broke the government revenue stamp which sealed the pack and examined the glassine paper in which the cards were wrapped. There was no difference in this either, and they tore off the paper and scrutinized each card in the deck.

After a few minutes, they called for a magnifying glass. At the end of an hour they looked up.

"Wise guy, eh?" one of them said with a smirk. "We tell for it and you get yourself a grand big laugh watching us. We'll risk our money on this deck any time."

"You will? Okay. One of you shuffle and the other deal."

Three hole cards and three upon cards were dealt in a game of stud.

One had an eight showing. "I'll bet a white," he said.

"I'll string along," said the other, a six showing.

"On what?" I asked. "You with a ten in the hole and you with a lower seven?"

"Well I'll be damned," one said, almost with awe.

"You probably will be because you're going to buy a foot to your seven."

My friend turned the card up. It was a four.

They were among the countless thousands who like to play ruses for small stakes. They know their way around; but in the matter of marked cards they were innocent babes. They could not detect markings on a deck even after they were told the cards were marked. They had no idea of what to look for and where to look to discover the markings. Manufacturers of marked cards estimate that not one in a thousand players knows how to detect a crooked deck; and as a result, the sums lost by innocents in small-stake "friendly" games run into many millions of dollars a year.

Players who think they have an ac-

MARKED CARDS FOR FUN AND PROFIT

The thriving industry

that is known by few,

encountered by many

BY HOWARD BOOTH

transitorily had run of luck may really have a bad streak, or they may not know how to play, or they may be among the suckers who are taken regularly with marked cards. In this article I shall not even consider high-stake gambling. I shall consider only the average player who likes an occasional game like poker, with a small betting limit. In such small games the estimated "take" where the sucker loses an average of \$10, runs to not less than \$5,000,000 a year. Some manufacturers and retailers of marked cards place the annual take at between \$10,000,000 and \$20,000,000.

The user of marked cards does not have to be a professional gambler, nor does he have to practice hours every day to make his hands quicker than the eye. All he needs, besides larceny in his heart, is the knowledge of where to buy ready-to-use marked decks—which ordinarily means the address of the nearest "magic-supply" store. Any dope can walk in, plunk down two dollars or so and get a deck of marked cards and a mimeographed sheet of paper which gives him the key to the markings. Thereafter, when he sits in a "social" game, you're the dope; he can read your cards as easily as if they were turned face up. Marked decks can also be ordered by mail from any of the several big firms which manufacture crooked gambling paraphernalia—for amusement purposes only, of course. All that the government

creates about is the presence of a revenue stamp on the pack; there is no law against marked cards. The company that marks the cards reseals them with a new tax stamp when the work is done.

Some crooked decks are so imaginatively marked that even professional gamblers are taken by them. Arnold Rothstein, a notorious gambler of three decades ago, was shot and killed, so the story goes, when he washed on a \$100,000 loss after discovering that the cards in the game were marked. The report was that marked cards were planted in the oigan stand of the hotel where the game was conducted. A confederate of one of the gamblers in the game first bought every deck of cards at the stand. Before the owner could replenish his stock from his regular jobber, another confederate appeared in the role of a playing-card salesman. He carried a line of all popular-name brands, and offered them at ten cents a deck less than the owner had been paying. The innocent owner bought two dozen decks, which were delivered on the spot. To all outward appearances these cards were exactly like those he had sold for years. When the big-time gamblers gathered, they phoned for a bellboy to bring up a dozen decks, and the unsuspecting gentleman who had planted the cards cleared out the house.

Unless the key is known, or a player knows where and what to look for, marked cards cannot be distinguished from honest ones even after the pack is opened. Stud, of course, is a setup for a marked deck; but with a little practice a gambler can read marked cards just as easily in draw poker, pinochle, gin rummy, bridge or almost any game. If you play for money and have been losing consistently to one or two players, it's possible you just don't know how to play; but it's also possible that you're being taken with marked cards, for an awful lot of them are sold every day.

There are many ways to mark cards. Ready-to-use "readers," as they are known in the trade, are the most common and the easiest for a cheat to work with. But a skilled gambler can mark your own honest cards during the course of a game with such graceful ease that neither you nor your friends can possibly catch him. (Continued on next page)

at a, I shall mention in passing only two other kinds of markings commonly used by both professional and amateur gamblers when mixed with "house" in honest cards: the Braille system and shading. In both, a little skill is needed. For "reader," no skill is needed.

Manufacturers of crooked gambling paraphernalia turn out an inexpensive, tiny little punch, like a thumbtack, which can be bought in almost any novelty store that sells "magic impalers." The crooked player attaches this tack to his forefinger with a small piece of adhesive tape, and every time he gets his hand on a card he presses the free in a predetermined spot, missing a tiny "blister" on the back, the location of which indicates the face value.

Such "blisters" are made in regular order for swift and easy reading—top left corner for the Ace, a little below for the King, etc. An entire deck can be marked in a few hours. Thereafter, each time the dishonest player deals, he feels the "blister" as his hand marks the dots in points which represent letters in the Braille system, and knows precisely what cards he is dealing and to whom.

The same novelty stores sell a red or a blue stick, dry paste. When a crooked player goes in a small game where he knows the cards will be honest, he rubs this paste into a convenient spot, say, red on the hair behind the left ear and blue on the hair behind the right. Every time he deals a hand he scratches his head in a perfectly natural manner and rubs the coloring matter onto his thumb, which he then casually runs on the card to indicate the value of the face. In a few

hands the entire deck is marked with his shadings, which look to the unsophisticated player like ordinary smudges.

"Readers" are simpler in the crook, but more complicated for the manufacturer. Playing-card companies turn out approximately 65,000,000 decks annually for American consumption. There are four large firms in the business, and any of them will issue a special back design on order, but none will deviate from the familiar back designs for the general trade. The average player in money feels secure in the old familiar designs and will not accept new ones. This very sense of security makes it easier for the crooked player to use "readers" made of legitimate hand-made cards like Bicycle, Bee, Tally Ho, Blue Ribbon, etc. The honest player is so accustomed to the back design that, both optically and psychologically, he is less likely to detect variations which blend with the familiar surface.

Honest playing cards are manufactured almost as carefully as dollar bills. Engravings for the back design must be without a flaw, or else shrewd-eyed players will detect it and learn the value of even one or two cards, giving them an edge on "honest" who are less keen.

Cards are printed in sheets containing from one to three complete decks. Individual cards are never cut from these sheets, but are stamped out to make sure all copies are properly imaged and no card gets out from the sheets even by a hair. The finished product is then carefully checked before it is wrapped, sealed and shipped. Some firms employ from fifty to a hundred girls at inspection tables only.

No large playing-card manufacturer ever prints marked decks. Aside from the moral and legal reasons, it just would not pay. The cost of engraving a die for marked cards, plus all other costs, would make the project unprofitable unless the manufacturer could sell about 600 guses—37,000 decks. To sell 37,000 decks the manufacturer would have to distribute 37,000 keys, one with each deck, so the buyer could read the code. So wide a distribution of one type of marking on one back design would make the key so well known the cards would be useless for dishonest purposes.

Sometimes a manufacturer does issue a deck specially engraved to make it a "trick," but the package is plainly marked "for tricks only" and the code is inside the sealed pack. I showed one of these trick decks to several sharp players, and though the markings are made they were unable to discover the key. They didn't know where to look, because they didn't know the principles of marking, which are the same on all crooked cards:

1. Markings must be identical at both the top and the bottom of each card, so they will always show at the top.
2. They must be part of, or blend with, the color and design on the back of the card.
3. They should be not more than about an inch from the top, so that they run less seen when dealing or when only a part of the card is exposed.
4. The key must be simple so cards can be read so quickly in a deal.
5. Markings should avoid a combination of shading and line work (it would complicate with and easy reading for the average player, though gamblers have ordered decks with such combination markings).

With such simple principles and so small an area in which markings can be placed, it would seem that marked cards should be detected almost instantly, and this is where both optics and psychology play a part. The average player, familiar with the back design, just does not see the markings unless he knows the code in which and what to look for.

In the deck of "readers" issued by the large manufacturer, the back design is a series of squares. In each square is a diamond, and in the center of each diamond is a small dot. Since the diamond is formed by four separate lines in which the eye quickly becomes accustomed, there is nothing startling about a dot that suddenly turns into a line. To the eye the elongated dot is just part of the over-all back design.

The code to these markings is in the first four diamonds in the three top lines, reading from left to right. (Some secretly marked cards read from right to left and some from the top down.) The location of the diamond in which the dot becomes





"One thing I can't stand is a hard sell."

a line indicates the value of the face, and the angle of the line indicates the suit. Thus, if the dot becomes a line in the second diamond is the top row, the card is a King. If the dot-line is horizontal the suit is hearts.

Once the player knows the key he can tell instantly, when he sees an up-and-down dot-line in the second diamond is the top line, that the card is the King of Diamonds.

This deck is plainly advertised as a "reader," and with equal plainness marked "For magicians only," but there is nothing to prevent a dishonest player from removing the wrapper around the pack and the key card inside, and seeing this trick deck is a "sneaky" game.

Just how many counterfeiters and individuals seek and market ready-to-use "magicians" is not known even to those in the business. There are several large firms in the Middle West which include marked cards in a long list of crooked gambling items including funn-leaded dice, plumy roulette wheels. All these items, the reader understands, are sold for "magic" purposes only. These firms advertise their wares in magazines and send out catalogues which go through the mails, in addition to the leaders in the business, there are no determined number of smaller manufacturers in different parts of the country who chiefly themselves chiefly to marked cards.

Everybody, including the manufacturers of honest playing cards, is else-northing the subject. "We don't know about the marked-card business," one of them said recently, "and we don't want to know." What information is available indicates that 100,000 marked decks are sold every year, producing up to \$20,000,000 in crooked gambling winnings for their owners.

Those in the marked-card industry are usually given as to the number of marked decks sold each year, but all agree that the minimum would be over 100,000. This is a business of one per cent of the 65,000,000 honest decks sold, but 100,000 decks a year means approximately 2000 decks a week, with the odds 100 to 1 that they are not used to demonstrate magic. A little multiplication gives the staggering, estimated total with this number of marked decks.

There is the shadowy industry, besides their estimates on what they hear from purveyors of these decks, go on the assumption that no player invests \$2.98 in a marked deck to play penny oets. Is the "freely" games we are considering, the betting is small, perhaps a fifty-cent limit or even less, the cost of some played eighty in a great many American homes and clubs, on board Navy vessels and in Army camps.

In a six-handed game there are five

cuckers and the guy who got the marked deck. Suppose a sucker loses \$10, a small enough sum in a poker game. If five players lose an average of \$10 each to a "lucky" player, that is \$50. When this picture is multiplied 2000 times for each deck sold every week, the "small" take jumps to \$100,000. And when this is multiplied by fifty-two weeks a year you find that snipers are separated from the sum of \$5,200,000. And several in the marked-card industry believe the annual take is closer to \$15,000,000.

One leader in the marked-card industry, with a shop out of New York, makes and sells about 10,000 marked decks annually. There go to jobbers, "magician" stores and to individuals who order enough to equal a small state's order. This manufacturer was the only one who did not hesitate to discuss his trade since, he explained amiably, he never knowingly sold a marked deck to anyone who planned to use it for gambling.

Making a deck of cards takes about thirty minutes. The work is done under a large magnifying glass, with either a fine pen or a thin brush, applying a special indelible ink which penetrates the wax finish on the card. I watched one girl work and I was impressed with the care and skill that went into the marking: It is close to being an art. The line work and the shadings must be just right or the entire deck is spoiled. The maker must make sure that the coloring ink shade work is uniform and neither too light nor too dark, and in line work (which includes blocking out some lines or parts of lines) the ink must be applied with great delicacy.

The different ways in which cards are marked are almost endless. There was one card player who was familiar with the markings made on last popular hand-made cards. When he sat in a game he glanced at the back design of the familiar deck and, when he did not see markings he knew, he was convinced it was an honest deck. And that cost him a lot of money. He now knows each deck can be marked in several different ways.

Ready-to-use "readers" are marked in two ways: by shading and by line work. Let's take a look at shadings first.

These are of two kinds: dark and light. Dark shadings are preferred by the professional gambler, but, though it is "dark" in the trade, actually it is so light; with the color and design on the back of the card that it would take an expert to detect it. To the average player it is exactly the same color as the rest of the card. The professional gambler prefers "light" shading, for it is so delicately done that only an experienced eye can spot it instantly.

Suppose, after you have had a consistent line of bad luck in a number games, you

respect the cards are marked but do not know how to pick it; so let's examine the cards methodically.

Let's assume the suspected deck has a daisy-shaped flower in the top center and two smaller daisy-shaped flowers on either side of it. Flower designs are natural for marking. We know from the basic principles that we need confine our examination only to the area within an inch or so from the top. Let's take the Ace, King, Queen and lay them face down, side by side. Is there any shading on one of the petals of the large or smaller daisies which is just faintly darker than the other petals?

Do the money petals envelope you? Then let's start with the top petal of the center daisy. Does that seem to be so slightly darker than the other petals just inside it? Look at the next card, the King. Does the petal immediately to the right of the top one seem to be just a shade darker while the top one is now apparently the same shade as the rest of the card? Good luck! Now, let's look at the Queen; are the top and second petals exactly like the rest of the card while the third seems even a faintly darker?

If this is so, take the other Aces, Kings and Queens in the deck and examine them the same way. Is the top petal on all Aces a shade darker, and the second petal on all Kings? If so, the cards are marked. To get the value of the rest of the cards just turned clockwise around the petals. The Queen is safely marked. Where there is a card with no shading you know it is the Deuce—which is as good as having it shaded.

Suppose, however, the center daisy has eight petals and the smaller daisies on either side of it have six petals each. The chances are the marked-card manufacturer will shade the two small daisies. He marks twelve places to go from Ace to Trey. In the two flowers with six petals each he can shade the Ace, King, Queen, Jack and Ten in one, and the Eight, Seven, Six, Five, Four and Trey in the other. If the suspected deck has eight-petaled flowers, the shadings are the markings; will the line work instead of shading and the coloring will have to look like this type of marking.

If line work there are almost innumerable variations. Let's consider the simplest kind of line, such as the diamond-shaped design on Bee cards. These appear to be almost markproof; is lost, the manufacturer is so proud of this "all-over back" design that he advertises it as "safer and better for Black Jack, Red Dog, Stud and all varieties of Poker." Yet marked-card manufacturers buy these cards and use them in ready-to-use marked decks.

One way in which the design is marked is by coloring the diamond needed to disclose the face by a hair, yet enough for

(Continued on page 53)



ROBIN PALMER

The new look in orchery



Robin Hood had nothing on her. Besides,



her score — 36-24-35 — beats his by miles.



Naturally, she scored a bulls-eye with us.



Marked Cards (Continued from page 48)

one with knowledge of the key to spot it quickly, even across a table. Locations of markings vary. The most commonly used read from left to right across the top line and from the top line down to say, the Ten. If the top left diamond is enlarged, it is an Ace; if the one immediately below it is enlarged, it is a King, and so on to the Ten. To keep the markings within the essential top space the line work hardly ever goes below the Ten, for the values would then be too difficult to read swiftly. The Nine, therefore, starts in the top line to the right of the Ace. Reading from left to right, the second diamond in the top line would be the Nine, the third, the Eight, and so on to the Trey.

Another way in which the marked-card industry has met the "sales" hack design and which is equally popular in the trendy-house marked cards, is the *lining of the small white diamonds* mounted by the diagonal crossed lines which form the large diamonds. The little diamonds are so delicately lined as to be imperceptible to the average player yet clear as the line of the Ace of Spades to one who knows the key. Here, too, the most commonly used rule is: if the first white diamond at the top has a fainter heavier line, it is an Ace; the second a King and so on down to the Ten and then across the top to the Trey.

The legitimate and popular Bicycle cards beat themselves especially to the work of the marked-card manufacturers because the hack design has so many lines. A man might know two or three different ways in which this design is marked and, not perceiving them, assume the deck is honest. The most common marking is in the twelve ribs of the fan which is the background in the bicycle. Each rib, which looks like a series of lines, is actually a series of tiny little dots which create the impression of lining lines.

Under a magnifying glass the markings over these tiny dots with a fine brush in a fine stroke. This gives the seeming straight line a slightly darker appearance; or, instead of going over the lines, the maker simply spouts the brush lightly over a rib to darken it faintly. Again, reading from left to right: if the first rib is darker than the others, it is the Ace; the second rib, the King, and so on to the twelfth rib which is the Trey. The Eight goes through the handle bars of the bicycle. By using this as a guide the dishonest player reads the markings even more quickly.

The clumsiest of them all gives the bicycle extra bars. One would expect that so obvious a variation would be noticed by all except the dumbest sucker—but I have handed this type of marked deck to alert players and challenged them to find the markings. They couldn't.

Among the other common markings in legitimate-house cards are these:

Tally Ho: The flower near the top of the card is the key. The two upper petals are separated a little from each other in the Ace (this is a form of line work known in the trade as blocking). The King is the next space, the Queen the next, and so on to the Seven. The Six is represented by clipping off the top two petals. The Five by the two right-hand petals, the Four by the bottom and the Trey by the left.

Tally Ho: Running down the side of the card are several white half moons, which can be partially blocked out to give the effect of a straight white line. Starting at the top left and running down, they read Ace, King, etc.

Bicycle: In the upper left-hand corner there is an eight-petaled flower. Block-out work on these petals indicates the value of the card. If the top petal appears as a thin line, it is an Ace. The petal in the right is the King, etc., to the Seven. Six, Five, Four and Three are shown by line work to make the petals at top, right, bottom and left appear round.

Bicycle: About a quarter of an inch from the top of the fan is a design resembling a series of number threes lying down. One of these is much heavier and its location indicates the value. The cards, reading from left to right, are: Ace, King, Queen, etc.

Bicycle: In the upper left corner above the angel there is a scroll sign. Block-out work on that design indicates the value. It is best to make the cards in numerical rotation reading Ace, King, Queen, etc., and note how this block is made. It runs in systematic order.

Bee: One of the diamonds is lengthened and all markings are in the top line. Location indicates value. Reading the top line from left to right, the values are Ace to Nine; from right to left the values are Eight to Three.

Bee: One of the small white diamonds is split and all markings are in the top line. Location indicates value. Reading from left to right the values are Ace to Nine; from right to left, Eight to Trey.

Aviator: The back design is bordered with sets of small white circles joined to each other by a small white line. The value of the card is indicated by block-out work which separates these circles from each other. Location of this block-out work indicates the value of the card. Running along the top from left to right the first set of circles carries the Ace to the Jack. The second contains the Ten to the Seven. The third goes from Six to Three.

These are just a few out of hundreds, and a deck may well be checked even though it shows none of these markings. Probably the best cause for the average man of normal gambling instincts is that outlined by a leader in the marked-card industry itself: "If you play cards for money, never play with strangers. If you play with people you know and one is a constant winner and you suspect something, take a deck home and examine it carefully."

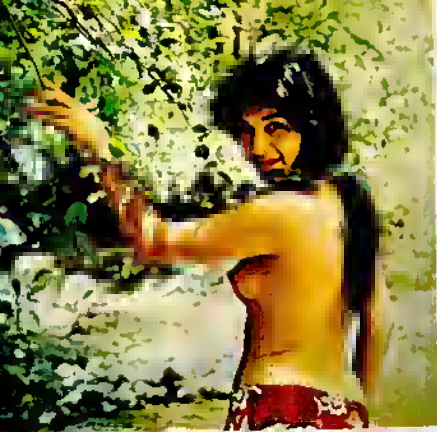
"Never accuse anyone of having a marked deck unless you can read the cards from the back yourself—and even then, be sure you know who brought the deck and how it got into the game."

"But, most important, examine the deck; know what you're playing with; if you don't want to be clipped."





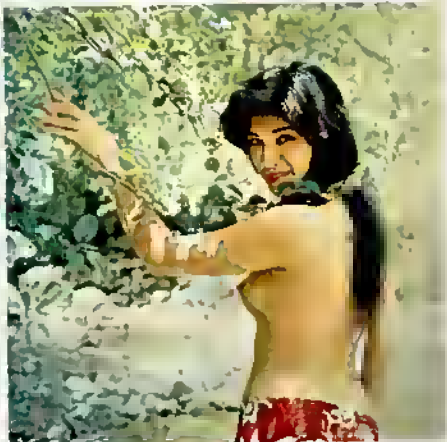




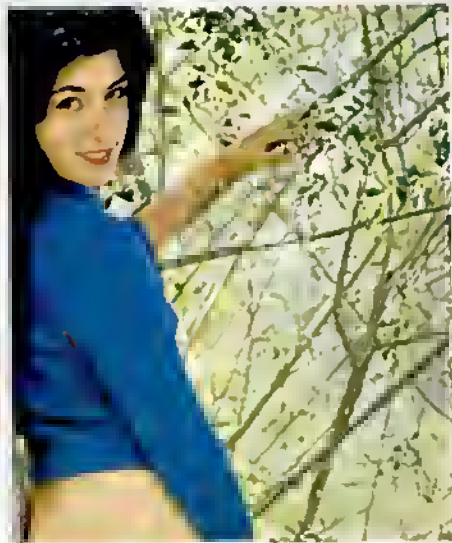


MARIA FROM MEXICO

MARIA GARCIA HAS COME UP FROM BELOW THE BORDER TO STUDY DRAMA.



ENGLISH AND HANDSOME NORTE AMERICANOS. SHE'S A PRETTY 35-23-34.

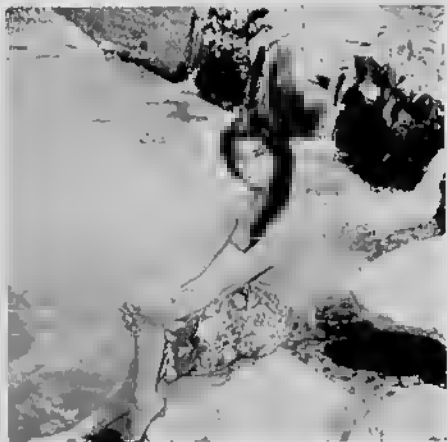




AS YOU CAN SEE, MARIA LOVES TO GET HER FEET WET. ANYONE FOR A SWIM?



BEFORE COMING TO HOLLYWOOD, MARIA WAS A LEGAL SECRETARY IN MEXICO



CITY. SHE'S NOW DATING MANY OF FILMLAND'S ELIGIBLE BACHELORS.





*"Gosh, this room sure brings back memories. The night
of my first date . . . the night of my first prom . . . the
night of my graduation dance . . . the night. . ."*

A WHILE BACK, wishing to know the correct way to decline an invitation to a heat-n'-seize TV-Dinnce party, I stopped in at my stationer's and scanned his stock of paperbacks for a self-help manual that might give me the answee. I found not one but three handbooks whose covers proclaimed them to contain examples of letters for every social, personal and business occasion. Prodded by the peremptory NO BROWSING sign above the rack, I purchased forthwith one copy of *The Complete Letter Writer*, compiled by N. H. and S. K. Mager, for thirty-five cents; one copy of *The Boston Book of Correct Letter Writing* ("an abridgment based on Lillian Eichler Watson's world-famous *Stanford Book of Letter Writing*"), for fifty cents; and one of *Grosset & Dunlap's quarto-sized How to Write Better Letters*, by Marcel M. Swartz, for one dollar, and took them all home to consult in depth.

None of the three guides, I found, contained precisely the model letter I sought, but by an adroit alllaptation and combination of lines proposed by Mr. and Mrs. Mager ("Miss Nevins and I are so sorry that we cannot dine with you on Wednesday, the seventh of April. Unfortunately, we already have an engagement that evening"), by Mrs. Watson ("We would love to come to your suppee on Sunday, the twelfth, and meet the Bartons. But that's the night Walter's brother is arriving from England, and he is expect-

ing us to meet him at the airport and drive him home") and by Mr. Swartz ("Your invitation to dinner came just after I had accepted an invitation to dine with Ebel and Clarence Daniels. If you didn't live so far apart, I might dine at both places!"), I was able to synthesize an appropriate letter of regret that rang with sincerity.

Even if the three books had served no further purpose, I would have felt my investment amply recompensed. You may imagine my joy, then, when I found them to contain a fascinating bonus: tucked in among their sample letters on practical, prosaic, and downright inksome matters (Asking for a Loan, Refusing a Loan, Collecting a Loan, Apologies and Regrets for Damages by Animals, Complaint to Neighbors, etc.), I discovered a treasure-trove of example and instruction in the art of writing that most impractical, ninny, and potentially enchanting of all prose forms, the love letter.

I hasten to say that I am not now, and have never been, in need of assistance in composing such communications, and I like to think that more than a few completed packets of them still lie bound in ribbons at the bottom of various lingerie drawers, whence they are taken out from time to time and pored over with bitter-sweet regret. Be that as it may, I welcomed the aforementioned instructions not as a potential consumer, but as an avid observer of contemporary mores, particularly

A swain's guide to love-letter writing . . .

those having to do with congress between the sexes. Assiduous as my researches in this ever-engrossing field have been, I had not previously come across a more telling gauge of the main currents in American romance than these workaday handbooks proved to provide.

The very presence of the model love letters in the manuals, all three of which have merited several printings, indicates that a widespread need is felt among present-day lovers for the sort of assistance that Cyrano de Bergerac gave Christian de Neuvillette in his courtship of the fair Roxanne—a need that, in our era of enforced literacy, I would not have dreamed existed. It is equally evident that our anthologists have a thorough knowledge of the chief amatory aims of the multitudes, and of the forms of expression that a majority of lovers will find most pleasing to exchange. They do not identify the authors of their exemplary *billets doux*, probably because doing so would constitute a breach of confidence or an invasion of privacy. But ostensibly all of the specimens have been, as Mr. and Mrs. Mager say of their selection of business ones, "tried and tested" in actual use. And it is one measure of their universality that various model letters and lines in each of the three books, derived as they must be from diverse samplings of amorous correspondence at the grass roots, often strike virtually identical chords.

Thus, in the first of Mr. and Mrs. Mager's examples, an unnamed female begins the second of her several paragraphs to "Dearest Joe" with: "Have I told you that I love you, recently?" You might think that a logical and comforting follow-through would be, "Well, I do," but the Magers do not suggest it. Instead, they let the writer go on to say, "You're in my thoughts every minute of the day, in my dreams every hour of the night. Yesterday at the office

when I was taking dictation I almost wrote the words 'I love you, Joe' right in the middle of a business letter. Luckily, Mr. Forbes didn't notice my embarrassment!" If her luck holds out, Joe won't notice that, as often as she seems on the verge of it, not once in her letter does she come right out with the direct statement, "I love you, Joe." She almost wrote the words right in the middle of a business letter yesterday, she says, but obviously that letter wasn't addressed to Joe, and it was for the signature of Mr. Forbes, which leads us into a tangle of indirection that only a skilled psychoanalyst might unravel.

Toward the end of their chapter on love letters, under the subhead *What to Say in a roundup of Helpful Thoughts*, the Magers propose a similarly evasive verbalization for male use, in the form of the multiple-choice question: "Have I told you recently I think you're wonderful (you're the most beautiful girl in the world) (you're lovely) (you're swell)?" Again, they do not suggest setting the recipient's mind to rest by adding, "Well, I think you are (whichever!)."

In the first of Mrs. Watson's specimen letters, the convention is carried through to the point of ultimate ambiguity when a lady named Lou asks Tam, "Did anyone ever tell you that you're a pretty grand person?" and, in the customary way, adds no word of assurance on the point, not even a "Well, let me be the first . . ."

And in the first of Mr. Swartz's examples, we find an unnamed young man asking, "Have I told you recently how beautiful you are? Have I mentioned your gentle disposition, your great intelligence, your breath-taking figure? I must remember to tell you about them." Coming on top of his confession of forgetfulness, the resolution has a hollow ring. Why doesn't he up and tell her right now? you may ask. Evidently it

just isn't done in conjunction with the popular "Have I told you—?" construction.

Judging by the prevalence of these circumlocutory devices in the manuals, many American sweethearts shy away from affirming their love and admiration far more often in direct statements, deeming it more genteel to hint at their feelings by means of rhetorical questions. They apparently consider it quite all right to ask their correspondents to love *them*, though. Mrs. Watson, after laying down the precept that what is said in a love letter "must come from the heart, spontaneously," shows us how the same imperative, with only one slight change of emphasis, occurs spontaneously at the close of letters from Lou to Tom ("Don't ever stop loving me!"), from Kate to Fred ("Don't ever stop loving me!") and from Don to Sally ("Don't ever stop loving me!").

When positive affirmations of love do appear, they are sometimes accompanied by internal evidence that they have been coaxed from the writer by the addressee, as in this passage from Mrs. Watson's sole example of a letter alluding to a lover's spat: "Of course I love you, Fred! And not 'just a little.' I love you deeply, and with all my heart. I'm sure you must know that, dear. I was miserable after our quarrel, and I've been longing all week to see you and straighten things out."

The Magers present a rather complex example of the coaxing process itself, in an unsigned letter addressed to a—presumably—different Fred, which closes with the plea, "So in your next wonderful letter, squeeze in among those three little words I love so well what you think of Uncle Dave's idea." Uncle Dave's idea is one of the meet-the-whole-family sort which has as ominously high an incidence in the correspondence guides as in real life, and he proposes to realize it by having Fred

come to "one all-inclusive family dinner at his house, which is the biggest." How Fred is expected to interweave his reaction to Uncle Dave's proposal with the words "I love you" is not divulged, but if there is an ounce of nonconformity in him, he might accomplish it with "I think Uncle Dave's idea is the squarest love; you are all-inclusive enough for me."

In their stock of *Helpful Thoughts*, Mr. and Mrs. Magri do offer several forthright avowals, evidently to be supplied on demand, among them a promissory "I love you (forever) (and always will)"; a vaunting "No man has ever loved a woman more than I love you"; and a compulsive "I cannot stop loving you." But they list these below the *What to Say* sentences, in a subordinate category headed *And of course*. It will probably be clear to most of their readers that the alternative clauses in parentheses are not all to be used in a given sentence, a procedure which would result in such redundancies as "I love you forever and always will." In the case of an omnibus offering of the sentiment included in the *And of course* section, the use of even a few of the optional clauses would result in a catalog of virtues exceeding the Scout's Oath in scope: "I love you because you are so beautiful (fascinating) (lovely) (sweet) (modest) (affectionate) (warrior) (good-hearted) (generous) (encouraging) (rhythmic) (raptivating) (intelligent) (have such good judgment) (energetic) (nice-natured) (good-natured)." On the other hand, the swain who can't find more than one or two adjectives in this inventory that he can constitutionally apply would probably do better to strike out on his own from the beginning. "I love you in spite of—"

The Magris, who are alone among our counsellors in the posing of multiple-choice sentiments, place another one high on their check-list of *What to Say*: "I've

been practicing calling (you) (myself) Mrs. Cortland." To our unfamiliar with popular usage in amorous correspondence, the sentence may present an enigma. Supposing you are a male with a name other than Cortland, writing to a female who is not so named either; under what circumstances would you want to tell her that you were practicing calling (her) (yourself) Mrs. Cortland? In preparation for one or both of you assuming false identities in order to carry out a confidence game? Or supposing you are a person of either sex named Cortland; might the line thus refer to your rehearsing for a dual attendance at a fancy-dress ball in transvestite garb—the husband as Mrs. Cortland, the wife as Mr.? The solution is simpler than either of those wild guesses, but I wouldn't have hit on it readily if I hadn't had another of the manuals on hand for cross-reference. Mr. Swartz gives the clue in the salutation and opening paragraph of an unaligned letter from an engaged girl:

"Dear Mr. Montgomery,

"Dear Monty,

"Dear Jim,

"Dearest,

"I think I like the last one best, but I wrote the first one just to get used to the idea that I'll soon be Mrs. Montgomery. Jimmy, I'm nervous. You mean when people say, 'Good morning, Mrs. Montgomery,' that means me? Or do I look around and see if they're talking to someone else?"

In the light of this example, it is clear that the "Mrs. Cortland" rignia is a telegraphic version of the same thought, with a two-way stretch—the "you" to be used if the writer is male, the "myself" if female, and the "Cortland" to be replaced by the writer's (or addressee's) last name.

Mrs. Watson, perhaps considering the locution too familiar—or potentially puzzling—to warrant

inclusion, offers no variant of it, but her sampler so abounds in other intimations of impending matrimony that no reader is likely to notice the omission. Indeed, if I have a criticism to make of the series of romantic correspondence in each of the three handbooks, it is that they carry their writers so swiftly and inexorably to the altar, allowing scarcely a moment in any of them for dawdling, balking, comparison shopping, or other means of prolonging the incomparable pleasures of singleness.

At any rate, if such hints do occur among our model lovers, they are not recited. Each collection appears to give us only one example of the work of any one hand (it is unlikely, in view of the propriety of the surroundings, that any several of the unsigned letters, addressed to various Dailings and Dearcats, are the work of a single philanthropist or flirt), and does not show us what response it elicited. Hence we are not able to follow any one romance from first overtures, through obstacles and setbacks, to consummation or renunciation. But in place of narrative continuity worked out through individual characters, we have a collective progression marked on by a constantly changing cast, giving each of the chapters, and all three of them together, a panoramic sweep that would be lacking in a two-person sequence.

Thus in *The Complete Letter Writer* we find an anonymous suitor begging "Marge, sweetheart" to "Please write and say you forgive me" for a quarrel that "was all my fault," and concluding that "without your love I am a man without life." We are not told whether Marge, sweetheart, grants her petitioner full amnesty or a commutation of sentence conditional on his maintenance of an even temper, or renders him to lifelessness. But we do know, from *The Bantam Book of Correct Letters*

(Continued on page 66)

"Someone ought to provide benches for girls in high heels," she said. He glanced around. The ground was uneven beside the path, but just behind a stand of gray sage brush that showed tiny points of bloom there was a relatively flat stretch of grass.

"Come on, I see a place," he said. "There isn't a bench, but I do have a trench coat."

She stood still a moment and then nodded.

He stepped down off the path, took her by the waist, and swung her over the top of

area. When he got to the spot that he had thought would make a good resting place, she paused.

"Look," she said pointing farther on, "there are more of those flowers." With two short kicks off went one shoe and then the other, and he found himself lengthening his stride to follow her to a place where the lupines were thick. Not many were in bloom, but later they would be there by the hundreds.

"This is the place," she said. She looked back toward the path and then at him.

He sprang out his coat on the deep grass, and she sank gratefully down. He started to squat down at his heels, but she patting the coat beside her, smiling again.

For a moment they sat there. Then he got up, walked over to a clump of lupines, and again brushed the flowers with his fingertips. He smiled down at her. Then with a quick flick of something like pain at her face, she lay back and closed her eyes. He saw the arm that started to move the afternoon long back. Like the lupine, her pale hair caught the light.

He knelt down beside her again, feeling her, and very gently rearranged and traced the lines of her pale mouth with his fingertips. Conscious now of the flowing lines of her body as well as conscious of the grace of a tree as it is conscious of a musical phrase, he let his hand go to her throat and down over the soft line of her body.

Abysmally she sat up. "I really didn't..." he started to protest but stopped as she reached behind her with the gesture he knew so well, and her fingers moved down the line of buttons on her blouse. While she was doing this she looked directly into his eyes. Then she turned back on his trench coat on the grass and watched him with veiled eyes. He sat utterly still for a moment feeling the breeze against his cheek, waiting to glance behind him to see if they were completely out of sight on the path. He felt as if he were watching himself as he took one more step into the life around him. He was momentarily conscious of an absurd pretense. Yet it was for only a moment. The green of the oats was deepening in the evening light. Even the gray sage brush came alive.

Whether it was his imagination or that the light had moved, the softness of her hair revealed under the loosened bra seemed surrounded by light. One pale blue vein in her breast caught his eye and he traced it with a finger, touched her lips and turned the vein again. Then he passed deep in the stillness of the evening.

He was conscious of a vein now throbbing in the hollow of her throat, of the gleam of her teeth behind the pale parted lips. A small stone was digging hard into his knee; he moved slightly and she shifted, watching him. All at the moment all the day seemed to be focused in his eyes

and for the first time he was really conscious of the female curve of hip and leg. Very gently he leaned forward and moved his hand over the curve of her body, firmer now, until, after the softness, he felt the ridge of her rib-cage under his hand. Suddenly he knew the thrust of tension in his hands and knew the next move required: commitment to take her breast firmly in his hand and feel the hardness of the nipple against the palm. Next was the move of mouth hard against mouth.

He existed in this tension for some seconds and forced himself to lean down lightly and only brush his lips against hers. Pulling himself away from the lurching animal, he felt the tension of his limbs relax. He was surprised how easily it was accomplished. Then, smiling, he reached out to touch again the sweet blue vein. But the light had changed and she had shifted into shadow; his hand stopped in mid-air.

At this, she was suddenly on her feet, hooking her arm and buttoning the blouse. She looked down at him and said, "A woman is not a flower, Professor."

Holding her shoes in her hand, she walked back to the path and stole along it. Harry McPherson picked up his coat and hurried along after her. After about a minute she stopped.

"I think I see your place," she said. "It's that little green house over there isn't it, behind the brown modern one?"

"That's right," he said.

When they came to the place where the path cut off toward his house, he didn't know exactly what to say. He stopped and he could think of nothing better than, "I turn off here."

She simply smiled, dismissed him with a casual wave and walked on.

His director was straight into the sun, and for the first time he realized he was tired and the back of his legs ached. The dust of a path ended on his property, and he walked in the dark door. It was walking into darkness. It was dark. There was a faint smell of baking.

"Eller," he called.

"Yes Mar, I'm in the kitchen."

The kitchen was warm. Eller was standing by the sink, her hair slightly disarrayed, holding a dish cloth or her finger.

"I just bread my soul self," she said. "And you know these dumb kids; every one of them's taken off for the evening, and I've got a big hairline to make all back."

McPherson thought of playing baseball with David and that, for a laded away.

"You're early," his wife said.

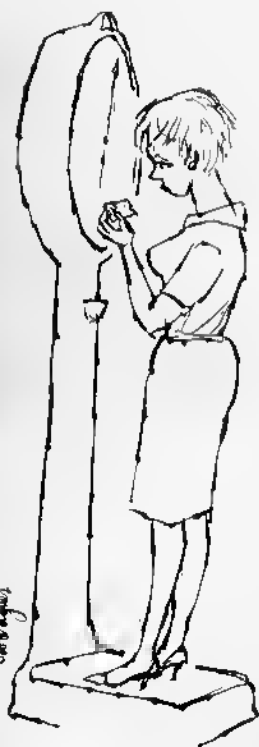
"I took the hill path."

"I'll bet that was nice," she said.

"Yes," he said.

He walked over to her and gave her a brisk domestic kiss and gripped her very solid arm.

"The lupines are out," he said.



"You will have an illegitimate child."

Grunts & Groans



of "Wee Geordie"

At Scotland's Highland Games, wrestling is a field event. Object: to throw and pin your kilted, nae-so-wee opponent.



BRUCE ROBERTS



ter Writing, that Kate finds that "It's easy to say I love you" to Fred, and can add humbly, "The lamb too meek mine as yours. Sometime, I'm too quick to take offense where none was intended. Dad's always telling me I'm too sensitive, only he calls it 'thin-skinned!' He says it's o' tris! I must loose to control or I'll never be happy. I guess he's right. . . ." We know, from the same source, that Darling Ruth is engaged to the anonymous onchoc of such impoverished lineage as "I love you to discretion, my precious fiancée," and another confidante-ecopiepieg onas as "This coming work is going to be pretty tough, since we've come to the trickiest point of the whole contention job. I'm once I'll be able to do my part and make you proud of me, dooood." We know, from *How to Write Better Letters*, that the prospective Mrs. Montgomery is telling (Mr. Montgomery) (Moety) (Jim) (Deacote) that "Mother showed me how to make peacees this morning, eed toseeow we take up the subject of eggs, utelately in unetel fuen. See you don't peesee them scrambled?"

The experienced and emotions described by the two model-letter-writing husbands are so similar that, by extension, they may be assumed to be common to married men throughout the land; and these phraseology is in each accord that evidently it could, with the alteration of a telling detail or two, set a standard for just about any husband-wif communication contemplated.

"My own deest girl," Husband A begins in the Megets' all-purpose example, entitled *To your wife*.

"Only six wee turns to visit, daelling, and I will be in my way home. However, it will term a dozen yeats before I get through them. I just esn't wait to be back with you and Betty."

"Deest," Husband B starts off in Mrs. Watsoe's sole opesely example.

"Only o low mee daye, and I'll be home. I'm counting the hooes, my sweet, and I hope they fly. Every hooe le an eteeny when I'm away leem you . . ."

"I visited the Peteerons yesterday," Husband A eesies on. "Yon remembre Johnny Peteeron—we had him for dinner when he was in Janeville last year. He signed o now three-year contract, which makee the tep a long-up oneeow . . ."

"This has been a veeey encessful trip, darling," echoes Husband B. "I signed up more than fifty new dealers in the Chicago oas alone. Peteeron is going to be veeey pleased when he sees my report."

"You'll be delighted with a little girl I picked up at Marshall Field's yesterday," goes Husband A's pennitmate paragraph. "I know how you love surprises, so I won't even give you a hint as to what it is."

"I bought you something very nice in Chicago, but I'm not going to tell you

what it is," runs a parallel line of Husband B's, but his next one produces the switch: "I'll give you a hint, though. It's something to wear, and it's something you have wanted for a long time . . ."

Though the example which the Magera entee nides *To your husband* is the only full-scale model of a widely letter offered in the three manuals, these compiles are such sticklers for the tried and tested that we may be sure it is broadly applicable, from its opening "Tom dear; You are the most wonderful husband in the world!" to its closing "Dream of me as I will of you, and wake up in the morning with the happy thought that we are one day closer to seeing each other again," and eight though the third of its five paragraphs:

"Everything here is fine. The new television set arrived, and it works perfectly. Bob helped me put it near the sofa, where you wanted it. You were absolutely right—the screen is visible from every part of the room. My, what a smart husband I have! Bob looks wonderful, thanks to your ootie's cooking. Marriage has really made a new man of him."

The inclusion of so specific a passage in a love letter intended for the adaption of myriads of wives may trouble your mind with a vision of hundreds of thousands of new television sets arriving simultaneously in as many households the country over, and of hundreds of thousands of Bobs, renovated and made wonderful-looking by their own wives' cooking, helping to put the sets near the sofas. I know the vision troubles my mind, and I don't think it's fantasy—I think that's what's really happening all over. That's where those main centers in American romance are carrying a vast plurality of one young men and women.

Though it is obviously not the intent of one Mr. Swartz to provide a ready-made list of perorifice for wives, three of his love sample letters—two *To your lady* and one *To a young man*—have more to them than the other two collections combined of that heedless order, that abandon akin to dementia, that too many of us distinguishes the gaudy love letter from the deft domestic report. Consider how well the first of his models, in the second of its four paragraphs, describes a common delusional symptom of the love-crazed male:

"Last night I was downtown and saw you everywhere. One girl had your shoulders, another your hair, another a magical laugh so much like yours that it startled me. I brought home a magazine to read, but it was full of pictures of you."

The writer of the second specimen is still lazier gone, presenting a typical syndrome of sleep disturbance, disorientation, regression to the oral stage, and benign monomania:

"Last night I dreamt of you. You were

talking with me in the moonlight at the lake. Suddenly you laughed, so clearly and melodiously that I awoke. I lay in the darkness, longing silently with you until sleep came."

"Yon see making me do qnoose things. I took a long walk this mornig and suddenly looked in a store mirror or the way back. I had no tie! At lunch, the waitress asked me three times what I wanted for dessert. (I wanted you, but I took apple pie.) On the subway, I gave my seat to o lady. I think the leutman shee changed me, but I don't eese."

"I don't care about anything or anybody but you. I feel lost adrift on a raft in the midst of the eesse with you. Only the raft is a big one with all the comforts of life."

When he comes to his two model epistles *To a young man*, Mr. Swartz notes marginally that "Letters written by young lovers tend to be a bit more concerned than those written by the men with whom they are in love." One of his predecessors, the prospective Mrs. Montgomery, deviously follows this precept, but the other, an impetuous miss whose name is withheld, seems bent on making a monkey out of her sponsor: "Ollie, deest,

"At last the house is quiet, with the folks at the movies and Billie in bed, I'm beginning to relax from a trying day. In a little while I expect to be in a decent mood to write you. Then I'll pick up the pen and little rainbow-colored bubble will be down into the ink."

"That isn't all, either. I've a strange attack of butterflies, which I will tell you more about when we meet. . . . Ah, here come the bubbles."

"I ought to tell you a lot of important news that I have saved, but I'll do it tomorrow, very properly, on the typewriter. Tonight, I feel very improper, and not ladylike at all. Tonight I should like to have you kiss me and see what happens to the rainbow bubbles."

Poetically may not think these lines with those of Heloise to Abélard, but for here and now, their orthodoxy comes on so commendable a note, and Ollie as on a visible lad. See how she begins by putting her lonely all-inclusively out of the picture, proceeds in a subtle evocation of herself in deshabille, introduces the exciting imagery of rainbow-colored bubbles and butterflies, tables the mundane news until daytime, and winds up conveying an enticing penitence to impetuous and exotic experimentation—oil in the sheet span of a few score words, and not o one of them portending matrimonial designs. That there is even one such o she, in the midst of the trousseau-chopping, days-to-the-wedding-counting, honeymoon-planning sisterhood of the correspondence mangle, should inspire many a freedom-loving fellow with the reasonable hope of finding her like. □



"So the girls didn't show up—the juggler was good!"

you can't play the drums in the Bronx

THEY were just beginning to wait on the dinmms when the pounding on the front door began. As soon as he heard it Dave knew it was Mrs. Parkness and he disgnstedly tossed his bongos aside. She naddled furiously into the room, inflamed with self-righteous anger, her stubby hands flailing about as she screeched and howled about the hoodlums who disturbed the peace and quiet by play ing ou crazy beatnik drums which kept her Marsha up, her little Marsha who ran like a wild Indian all day and needed a good night's sleep so she could run like a wild Indian tomorrow.

Obriously it had been a long hot day for Mrs. Parkness, one filled with its usual frustration and discomfort, and undoubtedly it would have done her good to blow off a little anger, but tonight Dave wasn't having any of it. He came right back at her, yelled that her Marsha was nothing but a spoiled little bitch and hursqrly prodded the round little woman right back out the door. Then he stomped into the kitchen, sputtering curses, and poured himself a big shot from the bottle of *Añejo* Maz had brought over.

"You see?" Maz said. "I told you we shoulda gone down to the studio to cook. I knew we'd have trouble here in the pad."

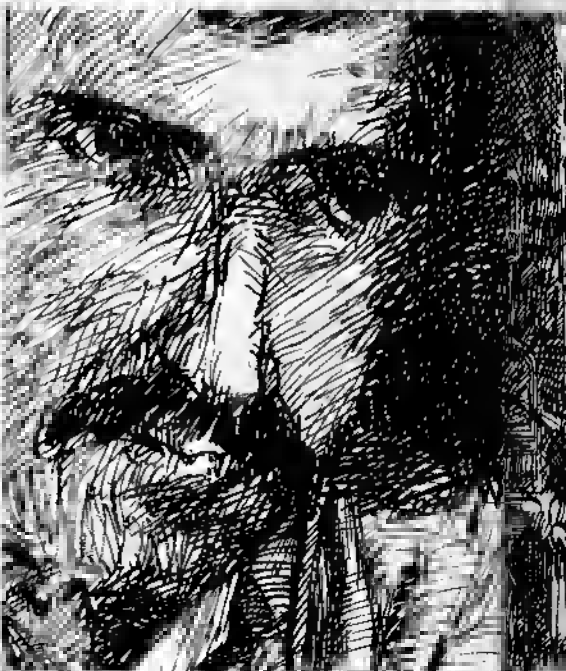
"I tell, we're gonna put down some sounds right here in the neighborhood. I'm not gonna let a goat like Mrs. Parkness push me around." Dave tossed his head back as he gulped down the shot. The kitchen was foul with cigarette smoke and spilled tequila and rhewed-up limes. Salt grains littered the table.

"Man, stop ruinin' your mouth. Let's make the scene in the Village."

"I ain't changing my mind for anything."

Maz scowled. "Look, I know you got a big thing against some of these people. But face it, they ain't gonna let you hug them. I say let's split and make it downtown where we can wait all night."

Dave was standing at the kitchen window looking down into the dark courtyard that separated, with a few feet of sparr, his building from the next. It was a vertical tunnel



raucous with television sounds: the strident canned laughter of a cornball comedy show, the theme music of Million Dollar Movie, the imbecile lyrics of a soap commercial. No more the sound of a human voice, he thought, or the ring of honest laughter or the homely notes of a kid fumbling with the piano. Maybe that's why his father's death-agony had so provoked these people. His screams weren't canned; they were ugly and real, not to be tuned out with a snap of the dial. They lashed people out of their electronic euphoria, stung them with all the fury of a re-awakened conscience.

After a day of it, these, his neighbors of fifteen years, had shouted into the anonymity of the night: "Somebody shut him up! Stop that goddamn screaming! For crissakes get him outa here!" They preferred euphoria to life. It did no good to tell them that he could not be moved, that it would be over soon, that the least they could do would be to permit him to die with a pretense of dignity; for on the second day one of them called the cops, who arrived five minutes after he died. Dave answered their stupid questions while

his father's body turned cold in the next room.

"Come on, let's get outa here. Let's go down to the parkway."

"What?" Maz cried. "You off your kugel or something? You wanna play right in the middle of all those people?"

"You're goddamn right."

"You're stoned, man. All that tequila has wasted you. You can't prove nothin' out there."

"Who's tryin' to prove anything? I just want to raise some hell."

"With all those squares?" Maz was horrified at the thought. It always amused Dave to see his buddy playing the self-righteous hippie. He certainly looked the part: his trolley rail of a body had been pushed into paint-splattered jeans and a holey T-shirt, and the bony owl-like outline of his face was completely overgrown with black beard, but in reality his unconventionality was strictly a seasonal thing. When winter came the beard went and the chocolate-striped conga was laid to rest in a closet in the big house in Seaside.

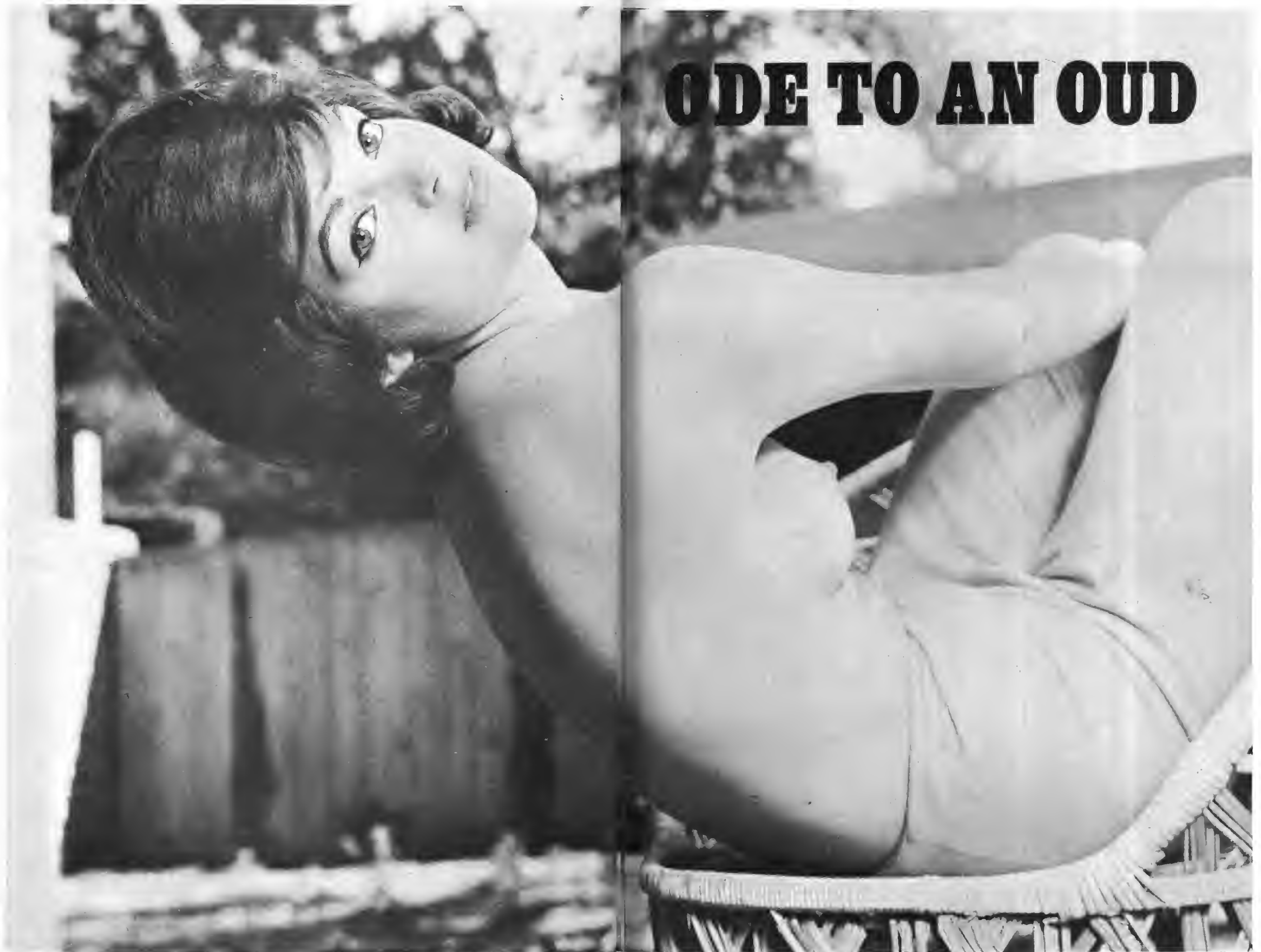
(Continued on page 76)

NORMAN GREEN





ODE TO AN OUD



ODE TO AN OUD















Whenever Kara Jadal hears the tones of an oud, she slips into her filmy veils and gyrates sinuously around the room. Kara is a retired belly dancer who has not forgotten her many nights of glory in Ankara. Since arriving in the U.S. Kara has hung up her native *zils* (finger cymbals) for "American men want the strip, not my artistic belly dancing."



Big Mez, coffee shop steed, became Meik Simon, every inch the intense, on-the-ball med student. It was typical of Maz that he intended to keep on having the best of these two worlds. "I'm going to eat ep justice in the Village," he told Dave. "Be the swingiest G.P. on the scene. Trust the muckyed Madiee Are/TV geeg by day and ball the dollie in the black stockings by eight."

As they rode down in the old elevator that had suffered the kille-emittions in the legions of kids who had ever lived in the house, Dave was struck by the thought that Maz, let all his schizoiders, could even want his life's directive is a more or less straight line, but not so himself. Dave's hang-up was that he always brings things to a straight line but sooner or later the line always weakened, wobbled and then came leading ridiculously back to the beginning. For example, he could remember carrying his leinids, DR, into this mahogany poeeling in the very first day he family moved into the house. He had done it with the push of a successful mummy-plum, but the Reieiders had literally fought and heaved and climbed to this piece of an apartment in the breech. It was the promised land. It had taken them ten years to come this far, to escape the dreary East Side tenements, but, thank God, they had made it, five rooms in an elevator building with, eppis, a park nearby. But now, just three years later, Dave was giving up the five rooms and moving into a two-room-a-hall-room mid-water flat down at Sunbark Street.

At first he had tried to excuse the move. He told himself that he was only being realistic. That he didn't need five rooms. That he spent all of his time downtown anyway. That he'd be able to afford the mid-water flat even while collecting unemployment. That everyone called the apartment the "new Village." But in his heart he knew he was rationalizing. The truth was he was returning to the East Side. He was making another big, old circle with his life.

They went outside into the warm August night and climbed onto Dave's Vespe and clung down between Avenue, past the old people who eat along the sidewalk storied ep lucrudely in the wind spectacle of Mez with his black hand and sandals and huge eeggs on his back; and of Dave heaved inward with the bright-red heeggs dangling from his neck and the fat leinids of Airin poking up out of his jacket pockets. Some of these people held their rumbles out of the East Side with the old man, Dave thought. Was this neighborhood still the promised land to them? Sitting there suddenly night after night, talking about whatever it was, old people talked about, their children, he supposed, the scene lies over and over.

Somewhere a kid screeched, "Rieglivio, ringlivo, one two three—ringlivo, riege-

livo, all go free!" and from the darkness scrambled a gaggle of kids who shrieked and giggled as they fled from the one who was it.

Once Dave and his friends had played similar games in these streets. The Big Seven they had called themselves, with black and gold club jackets to prove it. They had stayed together over the years, progressing from such commonplace city experiences as playing together in the Daily Affair basketball tournament to the very special status of a tight-knit bunch of free-spirited who had managed to break out of their middle-class traces. In those years of '36 and '37 they made some tremendous discoveries: hip and moriiee and Harlem with its hip scenes and hip wounce. And other less fleshy discoveries: politics; lunks; theatre; movies in which no one spoke English. There was excitement in their lives. There was Lelly Wiener getting a job playing bass with Bud Powell and winning a Doanbeat New Star award. And Dave, announcing he was going to skip college and go to work in a shop and lead the workers to socialism. And Stee Shapiro letting his hair grow long and taking evening lessons in The Method and talking about starting an off-Broadway repertory company. And Maz spending a summer bumming through Mexico and proclaiming he was going to go back there one day and work in a clinic for the poor. Everything seemed possible in those days, in those wild beautiful reked-up days.

And now? Now nothing seemed possible. Now the excitement was gone. Lelly Wiener was in Lexington by the third time, trying to kick the heroin habit he had acquired along with two other Doanbeat owners. Murray Knie was redesigning shock therapy in Harlem Valley State Hospital. Don Glutinski had been killed in Korea. Sinn Shapiro was making twenty good a year producing TV commercials and he lived in Great Neck and never talked about The Method or off-Broadway anymore—just as Maz, who was going to be a fine doctor, never talked about that Mexican clinic but the poor either. Glee Mickler, who for three years had been going with a lovely Negro girl, finally lost courage and instead settled for a zolzig loud-mouthed blonde from Brooklyn whose father set him up in the dress business. Timi felt Dave. Dave who had been loathed out of shop elite shop by the workers. Dave and his big sad circle.

They had reached the parkway. Thousands of people were strewn out along the log promenade, some sitting clustered under the street lights talking or playing picnick or reading the early edition of the Daily News. All about were the contradictory smells of trees and asphalt, of perfume and exhaust fumes. Children gathered round the Good Humor cart that had been pushed every summer for ten years ep and down this walk by a tiny,

half-past old man named Aedy. A few blocks away the White Platte Road train rumbled into the station, one more noise added to the discordant confusion of portable radios and gossiping women and brake-screaming cars.

Dave drove slowly down the parkway, passing groups of teenagers who gathered here and there, radios blaring rock 'n' roll, their high voices light with leugry sexual need. Young boys shrilly argued baseball, voices tripping and falling. "Yeah, Meys makes Mantle look like a hem . . . reh . . . eh . . . eh . . ." In the shadows beyond the vague peaks of light shed by the street light girls in tight blue jeans and dangeroes giggled and armrested usually. "Now eed id wawt, Attie! Get it oww!" Dave remembered that in the old days he and his friends used to put this scene down. "It's an boetgeois, man. The same squares saying the same thing." They'd pile into someone's car and take off. "What's it, Mueday? Let's make the jem session at Count Basie's." Or: "There's some W.C. Fields about at the Thalia." Or: "Let's idow some pot up at Lelly's and listen to some sides." Off they'd go, anywhere as long as it was elsewhere.

Dave turned off the parkway and parked the Vespe in the middle of a square shrub-filled field about twenty-five yards beyond the last of the park benches. "This is it, pops."

"Oh, man," Mez groaned, glancing back over his shoulder at all those people. "This is going to be a goddamn circus." He took the bottle of Aedy and drank desperately, until his eyes turned watery. "Look, see, listen to me. This ain't for us, it never was. Let's make the Village and find some friends."

"Always elsewhere. For once let's make it here," Dave said the bottle now. "Come on."

Mez sat him down, looked snarling at Dave, then evaded his eyes and spotted one of the side of his mouth. "What the hell," he said, checking his head. Then he began playing, reluctantly at first, his big square hands thumping slowly in the tempo, the beat quickening gradually, the sound low and deep and resonant as it centered far down the parkway. And there Dave went off, improvising around the rhythm, the steps eeee some waving in will suddenly entered the heavy sound of the coega.

They got then first routine from two dogs, two filthy street mutts that trotted right up and stood sniffing and staring with cocked heads. Then in a little while a girl came out of the darkness. She was a big girl, easily five-ten, with bushy black hair. At first sight she looked a little mad, wearing a meen white shirt and those floppy sailor pants, with all that hair. But as she came close, down by the drums,

(Continued on page 78)



"I knew there was a catch to these good seats."

Dave loomed himself staring at her. She stood there, face intense, watching everything Dave did, coming closer, her eyes seeking his out.

Perhaps a heedless people gathered around them within the next five minutes. Most of them came just to gawk with gaping mouths and disbelieving eyes. Others took it all as a big joke. "Look at the beatniks," they shouted, clapping and jakes and doing mock berlesque hemp-and-grids. Dave paid them no mind; his eyes were fixed on the girl, who stood right beside him, breathing quickly as if excited by the music, a heat coming from her body. Dave drove harder in the houses, the speed of his hands becoming more and more furious, feeling the excitement push up through him.

"O yes," she said softly when they broke

off. Dave heard Maz metter behind him, "Hry, that chick sure is heit."

"Come on," Dave said, going right off again.

It was maybe five minutes later that the trouble started. Someone grabbed Dave from behind and almost pelted him off his feet. Dave was absolutely stunned. He was vaguely aware of a man bewailing something in his ear about a kid doing hump-work in the house across the street and how he had to have it quiet. Maz, more than a little drunk, was hawling and shaking his fist at someone. The crowd had cleared in tight and there was the terrible smell of sweat and beer and everyone was jawing and pushing and jostling. Dave tried to get free but the mob wouldn't let go of him. He swung a fist out wildly. A girl screamed. The crowd erupted. Someone—Maz, it turned out—grabbed Dave, thrust his finger out like a battering ram and helled a way through the packed mob.

Dave genued the Vega leisurely and they went spinning and skidding until they reached the safety of the north side of the parkway. "I told you, maz," Maz was fuming. "I told you that was gonna happen. Goddam it, what a dumb scene. What a goddamn damn scene to get hung up le."

Dave loomed exhaustedly against the trunk of a big tree. He was all shaky and numb and his shirt was in shreds. "Come on," Maz insisted, "let's get outta here."

"Wait! Hey, wait!" They looked up to see the girl in the floppy white pants come rushing up. She had something etched in her head. "I want to come with you," she said as Maz snatched the bottle from her and washed down great mouthfuls of tequila.

"Look, we may head for the Village, it could go on all night."

"I don't care," Dave looked at her closely now. She was handsome in a car-

ous way. She couldn't have been more than twenty-five and she had a big, lovely body, her hair black Italian eyes had deep creases at the corners and her mouth had known pain and what? Bitterness? Betrayal? She had the kind of face belonging to a girl who had maybe married too young and failed at it. Or who had given birth out of wedlock but refused to feel ashamed about it. Anyway, she was someone who had been through a lot. Yet she wasn't hard; her mouth was too sensitive for that, her eyes were too beautiful. She was half-girl, half-woman and everything about her seemed to be crying out I Want, I Want, I Want.

"So you wanna go with us?" It was Maz, mocking her with an ugly manner. "What's it let you, baby? You wanna have something wild to tell the girls about tomorrow?"

"No, no," she cried, "I just like the way you play. I'm crazy for bongos. You just gotta take me with you, I don't know anything about the Village but I'll go with you, I don't care."

"All right," Dave said. He kicked the Vega over. "What's your name?"

"Mary."

"Mary, you'll split the back seat with Maz—"

"Whadda ya mean? You can't ride two back there—"

"Shut up. She's comin' with us. We're going down to Trojae."

"Trojae?" Maz was astounded. He stood staring for a moment. Then he shot a quick look at the girl, and he let out some air through his nose. "Trojan," he said carefully. "All right, man, I dig."

As they rode down to Trojan Field, where the kids played ball during the day, Dave could hear Maz whispering something to the girl, but she didn't answer him, only wrapped her arms more tightly around Dave, her body hot against his back. It was silent and dark as they crossed the ballfield. The grass was damp under their feet and the earth smelled sweet and strange after the taramell of the heat-soaked streets. They walked to a distant section of the park where there was a small hill. Maz stumbled clumsily on the way up. "This is crazy," he breathed, "but we'll swing, huh. Yes, we'll swing. See here." Up top they could look out over the trees to the near-by houses that lined the park. Way off in the other direction was the Fordham business district with its blaze of neon lights hanging in the sky like luminous dust. Dave sat down on a flat rock, the girl near him, lit a cigarette, then held the flame of the lighter under the bongo skins until the heat made them tight and hard. In the quiet light the girl leaned forward and smiled gently at him. He began to play, softly, lovingly, his eyes on the girl, feeling that she would understand anything

he told her; anything, anything at all.

She sat listening and watching. Then all of a sudden she rose to her feet and began to dance. "Yeah," said Maz, "now we go." Her big strong body moved in perfect harmony with the drums, hips swinging cleanly, easily, as she began to feel more and more comfortable. Dave felt a very new kind of excitement, as if some deep parts of him were coming to life. He had not felt anything like this for a long time. Maz came in with the sensual throng of the canga end in the cool moonlight a little while later the girl, still dancing, unbent her shirt, shed it and then unbent her brassiere. It was done unselfishly, with a simple purity and beauty. Her breasts were delicate and soft white. "Yeah, yeah," Maz said and he slumped away, Dave following, both of them soaping and waiting, the great wild raw sound of their drums booming away over the trees and fields.

When it was over the girl stood panting heavily but happily, sweat gleaming like balm on her bare skin. She came toward Dave but Maz, groping for breath, intercepted her. "That was something, heby," he said grinning through a tight mouth. "Now let's ball for real, for real, baby." And his arms reached out to take her.

"No!" The girl's cry spoke of betrayal. "No!" Frantically she twisted away from him.

Dave, paralyzed momentarily, watched as Maz, giggling like a loon, made a clumsy lunge. "No, no, no." The girl snatched up her things and fled down the hill sobbing. "No no no."

"Fool!"

Dave grappled to get free of Maz, screaming into his ear. "Stupid bastard, stupid squeaky bastard." He tossed a coin into the darkness. "Mary! Wait! Mary!"

"What the hell's going on here?" From the other side of the hill came a harsh beam of light. Maz, on his knees, his mouth bleeding, began to shudder and laugh hysterically. "Fuzz," he blubbered wildly, "fuzz."

There were two cops, standing poised, ready for trouble. "Who you shouting at, Maz?"

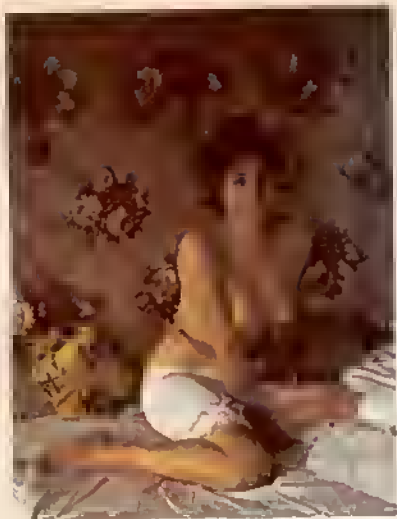
"No one," Dave said slowly. "Me and my heady were just carryin on a little, you know, reise some hell."

The beam of light searched the hilltop, came to rest on the two drums. "Those damn drums of yours have been waking up the whole neighborhood."

"Neighborhood, hell," the other said, "we heard you all the way up Allerton Avenue." He gestured with the flashlight. "Let's break it up now. Take your head and get outta here, the party's over."

An hour later Dave, alone, was still riding round and round the neighborhood searching for a girl named Mary who wore floppy white pants. Round and round he drove, in circles. □





MORE ELLA MORGAN

*Here's Ella Morgan again—a return engagement after her successful appearance on pages 25 to 27. On her tour of the Continent, which took in six countries, Ella liked Italy best, especially Rome, especially the Via Veneto, especially the handsome and rich young film stars to be found there. She was a little disappointed, however, since the scene along that famous Roman way did not quite measure up to *La Dolce Vita*, which had first inspired her visit.*





As for men, Ella says the tall, dark, handsome types usually turn out to be too smitten with themselves to be much fun on a date, so she prefers males big in the personality department.



PHOTOGRAPH BY BILL HAMILTON





"Just because we're getting off-season rates in the hotel, Sam, let's not assume . . ."

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